

# iDENTITY... IDentITY CRISIS



Highly favoured Mr ANU contestant Ray Barrett was caught on the steps of Parliament House chatting to Wollongong compatriot Norman Gunston. Norman had a television 'Tonight Show' in Sydney, New South Wales.

Published by Julius Roe for the A.N.U. S.A.  
 Printed by Progress Press Pty Ltd of Upper  
 Fyshwick Heights. Edited by Roland.  
 Number 11, Volume 27, 23rd July 1975.

**WORONI**

## INSIDE



### Bushweek lift-out

CENTREFOLD

### Students Strike

English IV are on strike, united action by all English Students is a possibility. Frustrated by the English Department's refusal to listen, acknowledge or even recognize their existence, all full-time English IV students have been forced to act. Who will protect these poor harmless children from the unbridled fury of an English Department scorned. Read on if you dare.

PAGES THREE AND SEVEN

### Editorial

PAGE FOUR

## SEX SCANDAL

### Mr. A.N.U. drama shock



Canberra was rocked this week by a scandal that has culminated in the disqualification of Kevin Fewster, favoured to win the Mr ANU Charity Quest. Although no official reason for the disqualification has been given, reports of serious indiscretions on Mr Fewster's part are rampant.

When questioned by reporters on the subject, Ms Berg, chairperson of the Mr ANU Charity Quest Committee said, "this is all very unfortunate, but I feel bound to protect the reputation of our organisation at all costs. Mr ANU must be a person of high moral standing, and I feel that I have done the right thing in taking a firm stand in this matter." She

refused to discuss the subject any further.

Woroni interviewed Mr Fewster at his parents' home. "Of course I'm quite distressed about the whole thing, and my parents are naturally finding all the publicity an embarrassment." However, Mr Fewster admitted that he was quite relieved to be out of the quest.

"I can't wait to get home to my girlfriend" he said. "Since I entered the quest I have grown a lot closer to her and I think I have grown up a lot. Now I just want to settle down and get married."

Kevin had said earlier that if he won he would resign because he was homesick for his family and girlfriend. His girlfriend, who asked that her name not be disclosed, said that she was glad that Kevin had been eliminated, but "for selfish reasons."

"Of course, it would have been marvellous if he had won — a great achievement for a man, but it was his choice and he's made-up his mind."



above: Kevin Fewster relieved, at his parents home  
 right: Ms Berg 'no comment'

# LETTERS



WORONI NO 11, Vol. 27

Dear Editor,  
I wish to inform students through your letters column of an irregularity which occurred during the poll for the election of Undergraduate Representatives on the Board of the School of General Studies.

Having obtained a ballot paper for the Law Undergraduate election, I referred to the curriculum vitae of the candidates and a leaflet put out by one of the candidates and was singularly unimpressed. I decided that not voting could be mistaken for apathy and thus decided to protest at the lack of worthwhile candidates, by recording an informal vote.

I took my ballot paper to the lunch-time polling booth in the Union Foyer and said I would like to lodge my vote. I should have been instructed to place it in the ballot-box. I was not.

Instead the ballot paper was taken from me by one Electoral Officer, passed to a second who opened it and brought it to the attention of the Supervisor. He said, "Oh, but this is informal". I replied that I was aware of that, to which the Supervisor replied: "Oh well, we'll see that it is scrunched up..." and proceeded to grandly tear up my ballot paper and, with a smile, he threw it away. No new ballot paper was offered to me.

In effect, the secrecy of the ballot was broken; I was denied my right to vote; was disenfranchised for the gentlest of protests.

This incident leads me to question the bona fides of the election. Was it a sham election; a mere simulacrum of a Democratic Election??

This is a question yet to be answered...

Yours sincerely,  
**IAN JORDAN**  
ARTS / LAW II

**FOR SALE -**  
National/Panasonic Stereo Cassette-corder  
Mark O'Toole - 259 Garran - \$100

Dear Editor,  
When Tony MacGregor speaks of the film *Rhinoceros* as presenting "the result of a growing desire for simplicity, a return to the laws of the jungle", I must give him the benefit of the doubt and conclude that the film is a gross misrepresentation of Ionesco's play of the same name.

Here is Ionesco himself on the play; speaking of the growing support for Nazism in Hungary in the 1940s (in his book *Present Past - Past Present*) he says, "I am astonished to see how this resembles my play... This raving fanaticism still exists today in the form of Communists and Red Guards and so forth..."

In other words, the play is a condemnation of fanaticism, the sort of fanaticism, not solely political, which deprives people of their fundamental humanity.

It is essentially this sort of fanaticism which often reveals itself in the feminist articles published in *Woroni*. Granted that women are discriminated against.

But the hysterical reaction which churns out seemingly meaningless descriptions of men as battering rams and women as fortresses (or similar absurd generalisations) hardly does credit to the Liberation movement. If the obviously fabricated letter by "Leslie Piggott" in the last issue is a true indication of feminists' views about their opponents, then I would seriously begin to wonder whether its descriptions of feminists as "men-hating" and "neurotic" were not completely correct.

Yours sincerely,  
**DAVID SAMPSON**

Dear Persons,  
We'd greatly appreciate it if *Woroni* would run an ad. for the Burton Hall ("Yes, we have no bwana's") mentioning the date: Friday - 1 August.  
- The African Theme  
- That Medderlike from Melbourne are playing.  
- That for non-residents, prices are \$15.00 double for dinner and \$6.00 afterwards.

Thanks,  
Rhonda Slade  
for the Committee  
**BURTO**

**ANU SCIENCE SOCIETY: BUSHWEEK FILMS**  
Films: "JUPITER ODYSSEY"  
"MARS - THE SEARCH BEGINS"

Research School of Chemistry Lecture Theatre  
Monday, August 4 at 7.30 pm  
All Welcome - Admission Free

Sigh with relief you poor nervous buggers who flipped through three times and still couldn't find Amory's column. There isn't one.

# NEWS

SunTele/AAP/CanberraTimes

Prince Charles has been secretly working and spending his own money to rescue delinquent and poor youngsters from drifting into crime; the Sunday Telegraph, in London, reported last Sunday.

A national project called the Prince of Wales Scheme for Disadvantaged Young People - (the P.O.W.S.D.Y.P., as this secret national body might otherwise be known) would soon be launched because the results of pilot schemes "have been so encouraging" the newspaper said.

The project is aimed at fourteen to twenty-year olds. Delinquents, orphans, the handicapped and victims of a poor environment are being helped.

One of the Prince's pilot schemes is in Cornwall, where members build boats, do handicrafts and go sea-fishing.

And then it's back to Hackney and Mile End for another enervating bout of disgustingly overcrowded schools, high-rise, and the lovely factory, for you girls & boys.

FARRAGO/WNS

Ex-CIA Assasin: G. Gordon Liddy, is a man of many interests, 'twould seem.

For G. Gordon Liddy apparently has a "thing" about Nazi Germany.

Members of the CBS film crew sent to interview him, report that they were amazed when visiting the Liddy home in Maryland, that they were greeted by the blare of Third Reich martial music turned up full belt on Liddy's hi-fi.

Later, in the Liddys' dream kitchen, the crew recalls, they spotted a built-in niche-type thing intended for *Cookery Books*. The shelf, however, was bulging with contemporary writings on Nazi Germany.

Liddy's penchant for World War II Germany comes as no surprise to columnist Jack Anderson (Pentagon Papers fame), however. Anderson reports that Liddy, in 1971, attended a private National Archives showing of old Nazi propaganda films.

Following the program, Anderson states, Liddy stood up enraptured under audience in Deutsch have addressed, ja?

WNS

George Wallace, dear and almost-departed friend and ally of blacks, hippies and poor people everywhere, is wheeling furiously down the warpath again. While announcing that he was, in fact, going to try for Top Dog in '76, opined in passing that maybe the States fought on the wrong side in the well-publicised '39-'45 Promotion, at least as far as the Japanese were concerned in the Pacific. He's quite Right of course: it is merely a waste of \$\$\$ and \$\$\$ for the two to fight each other for total control of the Islands..... & Oz....

New York Times/LNS/WNS

According to the New York Times, the Alaskan State Supreme Court, for some strange reason, recognizes the right of the individual to privacy within his [sic] own home so long as the health and welfare of the general public is not adversely affected.

This, dear reader, was a dope case, and Alaska thereby becomes the killer state of the union to legalise the killer-drug marijuana. Hope they all dissolve.....

Canberra Times/AAP

A group of male volunteers later this year will begin watching pornographic films and smoking marihuana in a southern Illinois university testing centre to determine the drug's effect on sexual response, United Press International reported. The two-year research project is being funded by the Federal Government, which is also supplying the marihuana.

typists note - it could only happen in US

Over 244,000 of the 600,000 Americans employed by the giant multinational car firms were unemployed in January 1975. It is expected only six million cars will be sold in the US this year, compared with nine million in 1974 and 11.5 million in 1973.

yay yay hippie hip grumble matter

# CLASSIFIEDS AND NOTICES (FREE!)

Pen Pals wanted:  
Mr Pradeep Deesheet, 11, Sri Ache Sampan  
4, Pahlolyathin Road, Bangkok, Thailand  
Miss Anitha, 81-S, Block 83, Yung Kuan  
Road, Singapore 22

**FOR SALE -**  
SKI BOOTS - Caber Pro Size 11 - ex.  
price \$45.00 o.n.o. see C. Fletcher,  
A 240, John XXIII.

**SEXIST OF THE WEEK**  
Radio ANU is running a Sexist of the Week Contest. Send your nominations and reasons to Radio ANU. The Sexist of the Week Award will be announced every Monday at 8:00 am in the breakfast show. The Sexist of the Week Award allows you to display your favourite sexist publicly.

**THE ANU FILM GROUP** invites suggestions from anyone for the 1976 film program. You can leave your suggestions at any of the Group's screenings in the book provided.

**BOATRACE** will be held out in bush Enquiries: Lee Campbell (Toad Hall) or Porky McIntosh (Ursies).



# ENGLISH DEPT LOOKS AFTER NO.1 STUDENTS STRIKE

The question of equal student-staff representation was raised at a meeting, on Monday the 14th July, of the English Departmental Committee; at present there are 6 student reps. and 18 staff on this committee. The feeling expressed by staff was that this was a question of principle. 50% student representation in the determining of

course content would put in jeopardy the 'standards' of the Discipline. The head of the Department distributed a paper suggesting that no change should be made in the structure of the Departmental Committee as students' lack of interest in the Department's bureaucratic machinery — 'liaison comm-

itees' with the earth-shattering POWER to make recommendations to the Departmental Committee — indicates that they are "generally satisfied with the way things are being conducted within the Department."

Full-time English IV students, generally dissatisfied with this and similar stonewalling tactics,

and confronted with a fait accompli as the Department has presented its course details for next year already, met on Friday 18th July to prepare and present the following call for equal student-staff representation on a body which after all does affect all English students as much as it affects staff.

## a modest proposal

All full-time fourth-year students have decided to boycott all classes at least until the next meeting of the English Departmental Committee and instead to hold informal classes independent of the staff. We are convinced that this is the only course of action left open to us to make felt our serious concern over the following matters arising out of the Departmental Committee Meeting of 14/7/75.

### 1. Equal Student Representation

Without equal representation on the Departmental Committee and in determining course content, any student recommendations are meaningless as they can be disregarded at the will of the head of department.

### 2. Student "Apathy"

Obstructionism and puzzling statements by the head of the department lead to disillusion and frustration, not to apathy.

If students prefer direct representation, written comment and public meetings to a number of fragmented and ineffectual committees — such as liaison committees have necessarily been — this can more readily be attributed to student interest than to student apathy.

### 3. The Department's Responsibility to the Discipline.

It is unrealistic to measure the worth of a degree in English solely in relation to the Discipline and to the training of professional academics. This prejudice has led to narrow self-interest and irresponsibility in all discussions of course content and of course structure.

### 4. Students' Responsibility to the Discipline.

Responsibility to a discipline is not confined only to those who hold higher degrees in English. We are puzzled by the staff's rejection of the first of the

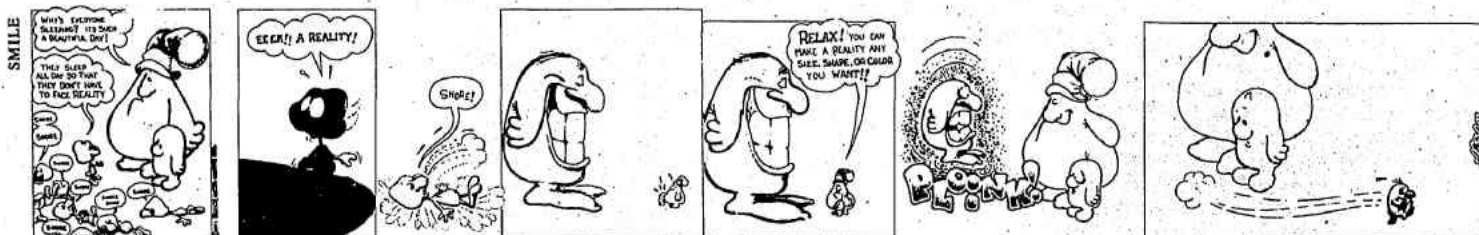
Board's 'desirable objectives'. Students do not want to destroy the Discipline, nor do they want to create 'soft options'. They merely want to be able to argue about elements in courses, whose importance they do not understand, or other elements whose potential value they would try to make known. Such argument is pointless without responsibility; and such responsibility is impossible without equal representation.

These are the reasons for our dissatisfaction and for our present action.

We call upon the staff and the dead of the Department to reassess their opinions on these matters and to clarify them with us as soon as possible.

We call for an extraordinary meeting of the English Departmental Committee.

W. Cobbett  
C. Coffey S. Haines P. Mead  
P. Cooper P. Mason H. O'Shea  
T. Dupe J. Mead D. Wilkinson





WORONI NO 11, Vol. 27.

# New Improved WORONI

You forget too much  
That every creature, female as the male,  
Stands single in responsible act and thought  
As also in birth and death —

Elizabeth Barrett Browning  
Aurora Leigh

If it is sensationalist or fanatic for feminists to attack rape as one of the omnipresent cornerstones of Sexist Oppression, it is infinitely more so to do the rape in the first place.

To remain silent about it or to expect it to disappear with restricted publicity, is to ignore the fact that it continues, that it increases in frequency and that it is becoming a brutality more and more readily defensible in our predominantly male-populated [fact: Ed.] Law Courts. To avert your eyes is to bolster the status quo.

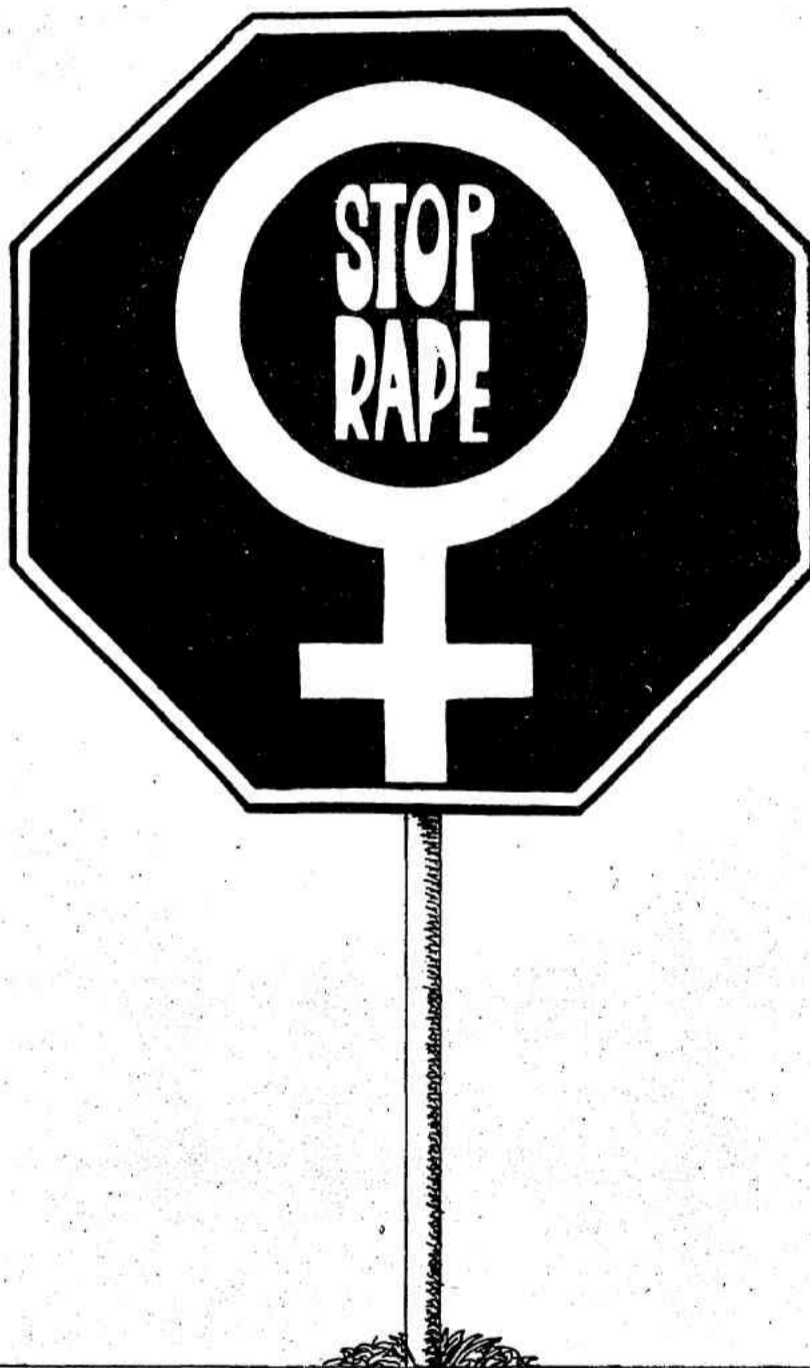
To bolster the status quo in this instance is to propagate the almost universal male fantasy that women want or like rape, fear, pain and self-hatred — in short, that women are not really like human beings, and that what little Self they have is wholly centred on a vagina which is always ready and waiting to "have a good time".

It is to defend, directly, a situation where one human being may unilaterally ignore the independent will of, and unilaterally interrupt the activities of another human being, on the preposterous and Nazistic pretext that the former "knows" what the latter "wants" or "needs". In any case, if this is a genuine rationale for such inhumanly offensive behaviour, how does one begin to explain the knives, bayonets, gun-barrels and broom handles left in bleeding and often dead bodies, where they have been rammed either as part of or after the "good time" has been dealt out? Dead rape-victims don't talk. And considering the departing threats, the overwhelming social stigma, and the depressing legal precedents, it should come as no surprise that the same is true of most live rape-victims.

A Woman has a legal right to resist (against someone who, statistically, is bigger, stronger and more insensitive to objection than she) but once successfully pinned down, forced, injured and discarded, where is her right to react?? How is she to protect her human dignity against such attackers, when the Law says arms are unjustified?? (besides, such laws make it a lot easier for men, do they not?).

If you have not been raped, you have no logical, moral or legitimate basis from which to pontificate on what it is really like for a person whose complaints you so studiously ignore,  
Stop Rape.

# NEWS: MEN



Inez Garcia, convicted of second degree murder for shooting and killing the man who Soledad, Ca., U.S. of A.

She has received wide support from women in the area, especially women involved in anti-rape groups.

Inez Garcia, a thirty year old woman of Cuban-Puerto Rican background, was living with her eleven year old son in Soledad in order to be near her husband who is in jail there.

On the night of the killing, Miguel Jimenez and Luis Castillo, both drunk and belligerent, came to her apartment looking for her room-mate, Alfred Mandrano. When Alfred arrived, they fought with him. After Alfred left to clean up, Inez tried to get the two men to leave her house. Instead they forced her to the back of the house where they beat her up and raped her.

When she made it back inside, she was in a state of shock. At that point the two men phoned her, threatening to harm her if she didn't leave town. She then loaded her 22-calibre rifle and went to find them. When she found them, they were beating up Alfred again. After Jimenez threw a knife at her, she shot and killed him. Seventeen minutes had elapsed since the rape.

The prosecution in the case against her claimed that there was no rape, and that Alfred had fought with the two men about drugs. Alfred was charged as an accomplice in the killing, and the prosecution case centred mainly about him. However, the statements of the prosecution's main two witnesses, Cristoforo Solis, a man who had been in the apartment, and the rapist, Luis Castillo, contradicted each other and their own earlier testimony. The police in the case have refused to charge Castillo with the rape. Jimenez' family is one of the most powerful in Soledad. During prolonged questioning of a defence witness about Inez' character, by the District Attorney, Inez shocked the jury when she indignantly walked up to the judge's desk and demanded:

"Why don't you just find me guilty and put me in jail? That's what you want, anyway. I killed the fucking guy because I was raped and I'd kill him again today if I had to."

Although the jurors, seven women and five men, were instructed by the judge that the rape was irrelevant to the murder, they did reduce the charge from first to

second degree murder. One of the men on the jury, when asked after the trial if a woman could claim self-defence if she killed a man while he was raping her, answered:

"No. Because the guy's not trying to kill her, he's just trying to screw her and give her a good time. A guy would have to do bodily harm and giving a girl a screw isn't doing bodily harm."

(Would he be so nonchalant if the "girl" happened to be his wife?)

During the sentencing, Judge Lawson called Inez a "huntress" and "dangerous" and then gave her the maximum jail sentence. When his remarks were greeted with boos from women in the courtroom, he said:

"I want to tell the thousands of ladies [sic] who signed petitions that this nation has a government by law and not a government by men." [Ha, Ha, Ha!]

Although she can neither read nor write, Inez worked actively on her own defence, supported by a voluntary defence comm-

ittee. She told them: "I don't want sympathy; I did what was right."

Her lawyer's appeal will assert that the court's understanding of rape should be extended to accept the concept that rape so traumatizes women that a violent reaction like Garcia's is understandable and "in some extenuating circumstances, constitutes a legally justifiable homicide".

Her defence committee claims: "The case of Inez Garcia is related to all women. Women are raped daily, hourly, everywhere in this country and throughout the world. Without the right to defend ourselves, we are essentially powerless to stop the rape of ourselves and all of our sisters."

The Garcia case has provoked much discussion in legal and feminist circles of the question: Does such a trauma justify violence or homicide? Legal experts have said a husband who killed a man who had just raped his wife might well be acquitted if charged with murder. This is because the wife is the husband's "property" and the case becomes one of protecting one's property, in America, a full defence to the charge; "one" here does obviously not include women.

New York Times/LNS/ANS. Garcia was raped early this year & her appeal comes up soon.

# ATTACK WOMEN

IF YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE CORRECT PART OF THE SOLUTION YOU'RE A LARGE PART OF THE PROBLEM THAN THE PROLOGUE FOR THE PROBLEM.



## WHITE (MALE) XMAS FREES RAPIST

Judge Christmas Humphreys landed himself in hot water [though not too hot] early this month when he imposed [if that is not too strong a word] a six-month suspended sentence on one Patrick Moving, 18, for raping two women at knife point. There was press criticism and the Lord Chancellor Elwyn-Jones called upon the judge to "explain" his reasons for dishing out such a mild penalty [though such "penalties" are not so uncommon for rape: last year two men were allotted one 12 month suspended sentence and one \$90 fine respectively, one for raping an eleven-year old woman in the back of a car, the other for holding her down.]

Moving's counsel, David Ross, claimed to justify it thus: people tended to think of rape "in a rather Victorian way.... We tend to get over-emotional about it. Rape is an emotive word insofar as women tend to put great stress upon it as being something unpleasant."

And how the fuck would they know about it, eh, Dave mate?? Meanwhile, no doubt, Pat the old bastard wanders round free, thinking himself king shit for getting away with it...and lining up the next one, perhaps...ah, the pressures of being a real man!

## GOOD NEWS DEPARTMENT -

Dhananmaya Chhetri has been acquitted of murder in Khatmandu, Nepal, though she admitted beheading her 36 year old son after he had raped her [ YAY!! ].

The Khatmandu Supreme Court recognises the right of a woman to kill a man who has raped her - provided the murder is committed within an hour of the rape.

## IRRELEVANT? WOULD BE A LOT CHEAPER TO DO THE MALES, MR ROCKY.

US millionaire vice-president Rockefeller controls 60 per cent of the New York banking, 20 per cent of the country's banking and has controlling shares in the major corporations in the country. His latest contribution to human "progress" was a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to enable the sterilisation of 400,000 Colombian women, 200,000 Puerto Rican women, or 35 per cent of all women living in Puerto Rico between the ages of 20 and 49 have been sterilised, compliments of the US government.

— from the Trib

## MARRIAGE (AND THE STATE)

American women who are beaten, knifed, sexually mutilated or otherwise attacked by their husbands have virtually no legal recourse or protection, according to a recent study conducted by University of Michigan Law students, Sue Eisenberg and Pat Micklow.

The Michigan-based study includes interviews with twenty women who have been victims of assaults by their husbands, and with police, prosecutors and judges. Although limited, the study exposes the widespread occurrence of wife assault as well as official policies used to side-step Prosecution.

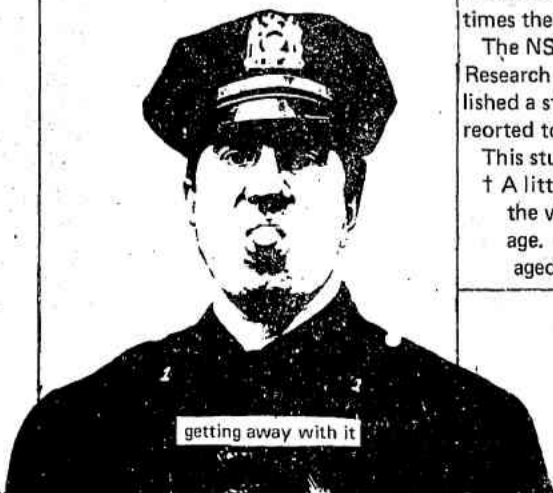
According to the study, the official response is that although wife-beating with or without a weapon carries a misdemeanor Assault & Battery charge, "if perceived as a domestic disturbance, as a social problem that the woman tolerates, provokes or likes in some way."

Eight of the twenty husbands involved in the study had previous criminal records of assault, though none of them had been convicted of assaulting their wives. 80% of the women interviewed sought immediate Police protection from their husbands but despite repeated complaints only one arrest was made.

## Where Have I Heard This Before??

In discussing the Police handling of these assault cases, Eisenberg quoted from the International Association of Police Chiefs' Training Bulletin [?!?!\*?! - ed.] used as a guide by the Michigan Police Force: "Avoid arrest if possible. Appeal to the woman's vanity. Explain the procedure of issuing a warrant...and the cost of the court. Explain that ( women's ) attitudes ( about pressing charges ) usually changed by court time. Attempt to smooth feelings, pacify the parties. Remember, the officer should never create a Police problem where there is only a family problem existing."

According to the study Prosecutors either tried to pacify the victim or insist that she show her sincerity about pressing charges by starting divorce proceedings. One Prosecutor interviewed for the study suggested the following course of action: "These girls [sic] come to me and I know I can't offer them any protection. I ask them 'Will your husband be angry when he comes out of prison?' She says Yes. And I put my arm around her and walk her to the door, and tell her 'I can't give you any protection. Don't you think that for your safety and you children's safety, that you had better try and patch up the marriage!'"



getting away with it

## BOYS GET TOGETHER FOR 'GOOD TIME'

"I was surprised at the reaction. It was as if we had given the signal to the men of Britain to go out and have their way."

Lord Cross, Baron of the Royal Borough of Chelsea, is visiting Melbourne after attending the Australian Legal Convention in Canberra.

He was one of five law lords who unanimously dismissed an appeal by four men convicted of rape.

But in giving their decision, Lord Cross and two of the other judges ruled that a man could not be convicted of rape if he honestly believed the woman consented to sexual intercourse.

"These boys, [sic] Royal Air Force men, had been searching for a prostitute in Wolverhampton, without luck - which seemed to me a bit odd - until they met one of their officers and told their sad tale.

"The officer told them his wife would be willing to accommodate the lot of them.

"The husband warned, however, that his wife was a bit kinky, that she would shout and protest, but to ignore this as it gave her sexual thrills."

Lord Cross said he and his fellow lords had agreed that the men were properly convicted.

And there was nothing new in the majority ruling that a man could not be convicted if he had an honest belief of consent.

## THE NORMAL RAPE CASE?

In other words if a man talks to other men, they are absolved from listening to a woman who contradicts the man.

"If the jury is satisfied the woman did consent, then there can be no conviction." (For jury attitudes see Garcia article, p.4).

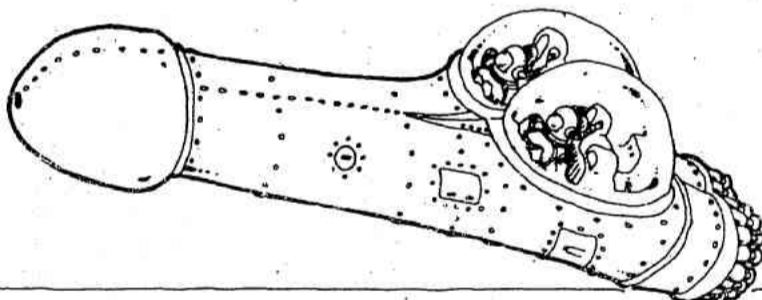
It was this concept that was not understood, causing public confusion and anger, he said.

"The ruling is applicable in only exceptional rape cases [as opposed to normal rape cases?] such as the case from which it stemmed.

As one woman protesting at the ruling explained:

"I'm going to hit Lord Cross over the head with my umbrella and if he screams and shouts, I will understand that he likes it and wants more; so I will continue to hit him on the head!"

Age/AAP /LNS/ANS



## INFORMATION COURTESY OF "WOMEN'S WEEKLY"

According to a 1973 UNSW survey, one girl or woman in every 176 in Sydney over the age of six years, will be raped at some time within the next 12 months.

The survey was carried out by Ass.Prof. A.A.Congalton, School of Sociology, and J.M.Najman, lecturer in Medical Sociology at the University of Queensland.

It showed that the corrected actual rate of victimisation by rape in the metropolitan area was 568 per 100,000 [ 3 mill. people; divide by 2 = 1 1/2 mill.; multiply 568 x 15 gives you 8300 rapes per year ].

This is a much higher figure than those obtained from police reports, since for a number of obvious reasons, the great majority of attacks are never reported to the Police. Criminologists calculate that the actual number of rapes is at least 10 times the number reported.

The NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics & Research has recently (Dec., 1974) published a study of 169 rape cases actually reported to NSW Police during 1973.

This study showed that: † A little more than half ( 52.5% ) of the victims were under 20 years of age. One was aged six, two were aged nine and five were over 60.

† A single attacker was involved in 68% of the cases. In two related cases, however, 35 attackers were involved.

† In 54 cases, the victim was threatened with a weapon ( 35% ). Half of these were threatened with a knife and a quarter with a firearm.

† The relationship between the attacker and the victim was that of a stranger in 56.8% of the cases.

Other percentages were: acquaintances: 20.4% 'friends' : 15% neighbours : 2.4% family : 4.2% estranged lover: 1.2%

† Almost half ( 46.4% ) of the attacks took place in a house or flat. In three-quarters of these, the residence was that of the victim herself.

Of great interest is the fact that not one lunatic-fringe feminist 'Libber-type' was involved in the compilation of these outrageously sensationalist figures.

Let it be hoped that these figures mean something in human terms to whomever so readeth them.....

painstakingly put together by roland paul debbie rignor peter bron prue cathy jon bern but especially maree who typed nearly all of it in a rush with lots of panic around as per usual and gave us the real recipe and never gets all the credit (in fact never gets even a proportion of the credit) due and to whom, as always, we are eternally indebted and this time i provided a majority of the early evening nicotine but the later hours nicotine was again basically provided by debbie. ...god (yes) it still ain't even nearly finished.....



# INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY WEEK

Di mana-mana di bumi ini  
Tulang patah airmata darah  
Kerana di mana-mana di bumi ini.  
Ribuan penjara dan  
Jutan si Berani

All over this world are  
Broken bones and bloody tears  
For all over this world are  
Thousands of prisons and  
Millions of Heroes

From Usman Awang's dedication  
to Said Zahari — journalist, national-  
ist and socialist. Imprisoned  
on the 3rd February 1963.

INTERNATIONAL SOLID-  
ARITY WEEK 28 July - 1 August

There is a picture of the third  
world dear to the West. In it are  
the exotic women, friendly natives,  
delicious food, cheap living  
and all those things so many  
visitors from the West look forward  
to so much. We see it on  
the screen, in returned traveller's  
slides, in travel brochures and  
posters. It is propagated by  
tourist bureaus and travel agencies.  
It is confirmed and perpetuated  
by those who choose not  
to see and those who look no  
further than the picture and  
think they see it everywhere.

There is another picture,  
much less attractive but much  
closer to reality — if reality is to  
be defined by the way the majority  
of people in these countries  
live. It tells of the opulence of a  
few and the poverty of many; in  
many cases, of slavery and oppression.  
It tells of arbitrary imprisonments,  
of dungeons and of torture  
in order to perpetuate this.  
Also of heroes and heroic struggles.

In this picture are the 'hired  
kinglets' and 'overlords', 'sham  
from beginning to end'. In it are  
also Herbert Chitepo who was  
murdered earlier this year, Juliet  
Chin now in prison, Khoo Ee  
Liam who was tortured, Tan  
Wah Piow who was framed and  
Hishamuddin Rias now in hiding,  
amongst a multitude of others.  
It is as much the story of the

the same. Of struggle, against exploitation  
and oppression; for independence,  
self determination and ultimately liberation.

You may very well ask: What is this  
to me? It concerns you because your  
support has been asked for and because  
ultimately, the struggle against oppression  
concerns all peoples, transcending  
all national boundaries. If you refuse  
to understand this picture, you will  
fail to understand that which is taking  
place in the Third World and all around  
you, just as you failed to understand  
Vietnam, and Laos and Cambodia. Of  
course it has been said that it is all in  
vain, that there is little we can do and  
that what we can do is of no consequence.  
While it is true that the struggles  
for justice throughout the Third World  
wait not for us that are in the West, it  
is not true that we have no role to  
play. Only the complete cynic would  
discount the protests raised throughout  
the world against American imperialism  
in Vietnam. And it is clear that the  
expressions of solidarity by Malaysian  
students and their Australian, New  
Zealand and English counterparts last  
year, had a significant impact on the  
Malaysian government.

International Solidarity Week is  
concerned with this picture. It aims,

through highlighting certain aspects of  
struggles in the Third World, to promote  
a better understanding of the  
Third World. In the hope that the  
students of this country will to some  
degree make that struggle their's; in  
the belief that it is the responsibility  
of progressive peoples throughout the  
world to do so.

tiap titis airmata  
tiap tompok darah  
tiap keratan tulang  
tidak akan dilupakan.

Yang disangka terbang  
tumbuh benih revolusi  
menjelma,  
keni bercambah  
menjadi tenaga raksasa.  
Mereka akan berkembang  
menghancurkan manusia biadab  
dan rakyat nanti  
tiada takut lagi.

Every drop of tear,  
every clot of blood,  
every piece of bone,  
never forgotten.

Instead of oblivion  
into revolutionary seeds  
they are transformed,  
now sprouting



into a gigantic force.  
They will grow  
to wipe these savages out,  
and the people will  
fear no more.

Said Zahari 'Dungeon of Horror', 1963

TIMOTHY ONG.

**JUSTICE NOW!  
FREE  
JULIET  
CHIN**

INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY WEEK  
PROGRAMME

28 July, Monday 1 pm

Forum: "The Struggle Against Racism in  
Southern Africa".

Speakers: Clever Mumbengegwi,  
President, All African Students  
Union.  
Member, National Overseas  
Student Service Executive.  
Neville Curtis,  
Ex-President, National Union  
of South African Students.

29th July, Tuesday 8 pm

Talk: "Australia and the Third World"  
accompanied by the filmlet "Tilt".  
Brendan O'Dwyer, Australian Council for  
Overseas Aid, to speak.

30 July, Wednesday 1 pm

Forum: "Malaysia and Singapore: Beyond  
Surveillance".

Speakers: Dr Cliff Wright,  
Australian Council of Churches  
Neil McLean,  
Publisher, Malayan News Service.

31 July, Thursday 8 pm

Film: "The Struggle for China".  
Commentary by G.D. White, Lecturer in  
Political Science, SGS.

Venues and additions to the Programme will  
be made through Bullsheets and posters.

# BALLS, TITS AND GREASEPAINT

A quiet week superficially. But it could be the calm before the storm. Hopefully — Bushweek will be the storm. Anyway, kiddies, some little fun things happened/are happening, and a couple of not-so-fun things.

The Indian Queen has finished its very successful season, commercially and aesthetically. Some doubts have been raised about the last tho'. Several people this columnist has spoken to rated it "unentertaining". That is, while the sets, stage machinery and costumes were undoubtedly brilliant, the story was just not appealing, and/or presented in such a way as to be tiring. Also, the singers were often especially hard to follow.

Nonetheless, some people loved it — even went and saw it several times. And nearly everybody loved the music and Linda's dancing, with few exceptions.

Lets hope STAGE brings us more productions.

While two American rock comedians may not rate as "the Performing Arts on Campus", Flo and Eddie deserve a mention. Sunday nights concert was a "real buzz", even "far under" as somebody was heard to remark. The most notable point of their performance (apart from the really good comedy, and their versatile dances) was their relaxed professionalism. Wish we could achieve the same standard here, — practice makes perfect.

On the subject of concerts — lots coming up. Jeannie Lewis & Quilapayun on Monday night past, Steeleye Span on August 11.

When will students involved in Theatre Group productions realize that any production rests entirely on the work and efforts of all involved. Until there is a working, enthusiastic atmosphere in T.G. there can be no productions going without the most basic hassles, such as — who will turn up for rehearsals? These are questions that should not have to be asked. A director should be able to concern her/himself with more dramatic and artistic questions than that. Theatre, even student theatre, demands commitment. WAKE UP, FOLKS.

On the subject of fears — Childers St. Hall will be demolished.

Yes, that's right — Childers St. knocked down for the Western Distributor (see last issue of Woroni), unless you are prepared to help fuck the NCDC. I hope to Christ you are prepared to. Even with an Arts Centre (by 1977), we need Childers St. And we DONT need the Western Distributor.

Mr ANU Quest contestants are reminded that they must raise \$50 advertising for the Bush Week Rag. Its pretty easy, just go and see the people in the Woroni office for details of rates, etc.

Bye Bye, till next ish (YUK)

# Dear Prudence

Dear Prudence,

I am a very obvious homosexual, and I cannot make friends with men. By that I really mean 'making friends', not taking them on as lovers; I have a boyfriend to whom I am very faithful.

I have no problems making friends with women, so B.O. is obviously not a consideration. Whenever I try to talk to straight men, though, mostly they shy away from me as if I've got the plague. Nobody on campus has yet been blatantly rude to me, but there is no doubt about the way men feel about me.

In this age of so-called liberation, it strikes me as strange that a university should show such a retarded attitude to homosexuality.

Maybe I just know the wrong people.

"JOHN"

Dear John,

You have probably hit the nail on the head when you refer to liberation today as "so-called". Unfortunately there are individuals who are not liberated from its traditional stereo-types and are unable to accept fully others who challenge their traditionalism. Many men feel their socially designated role is an aggressive one, where women are to be pursued and they find that a homosexual male throws a spanner in the works which demands special coping with. Some men in such a situation feel that they are in the traditional feminine role where the homosexual male is in the sexually aggressive position and are unable to accept this reversal of roles. Unfortunately, no matter how much education is offered, there still seems to be the exceptions.

If you really do want to have 'straight' guys as friends, do not lose heart. I'm sure there are some males on campus tolerant of homosexuality.

Dear Prudence,

I guess my problem is a fairly ordinary one, but I really don't know what to do. My boyfriend wants to sleep with me (I want to sleep with him, too) but my whole background says that I should not.

This is my first year at ANU. I come from a small town in which Methodism played a prominent role in deciding the town's morality. Not surprisingly, I was very glad to get away from the place and I imagined that life would be easy once I left its strict influence.

However, I now find that after 17 years of intense Puritan indoctrination, I can't shake its hold on my conscience. Sex is the focal point of my problem, but its also affecting other parts of my life. Even though I don't want to, I find myself disapproving of the way people talk and dress, and I don't like to go into the bar or dances because I always feel guilty being there.

I want to do well while I'm here, but I also want to enjoy myself and I don't want to lose my boyfriend.

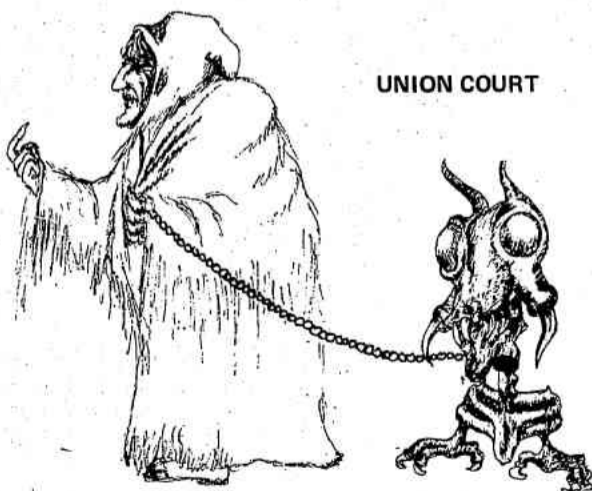
Can you advise me please, because I'm feeling very confused at the moment.

"COUNTRY GIRL"

Dear Country Girl,

Although you would like to shed the constraints of your upbringing immediately and join wholeheartedly into the romp that is campus life, until you manage to reconcile your indoctrination with your changed views you will probably suffer some pangs of conscience. This will no doubt take time and patience on your part — after all, Rome wasn't built in a day and seventeen years is a long time. Just attempt to enjoy yourself away from home without suffering agonies of conscience; perhaps a gradual adoption of new ideas, and a little patience and tolerance on your part would help.

ONE DOG SHOW AUGUST 2ND TIME: 1.30 pm BUSHWEEK FAIR.



IS YOUR DOG FRIENDLY? IS YOUR DOG SPOTTY? DOES IT HAVE A CROOKED TAIL — CAN IT DO TRICKS — WHY NOT COME ALONG AND GIVE YOUR DOG THE CHANCE OF A TERTIARY EDUCATION. THINK OF THE PLEASURE OF KNOWING YOUR DOG IS A UNIVERSITY MEDALLIST. CAN YOU REALLY AFFORD TO DENY YOUR DOG THIS OPPORTUNITY TO FURTHER HER/HIMSELF IN THE WORLD.

PRIZES PRESENTED BY S.A. PRESIDENT, JULIUS ROE.

A Bone Enterprises Incorporated Presentation — without your support the show can't go on.

# Things On Column:

THE ANU FILM GROUP presents

1975 BUSH WEEK CINETHON

at 7:30 on Thursday 7th and Friday 8th August at the Coombs Theatre.

Program will include — The Bride Wore Black, And Now for Something Completely Different, the Last Picture Show, My Name is Nobody, Dial M for Murder, The Graduate. Plus cartoons and Bushweek '67.

Tickets: \$1.00 — available only from Union Shop from Monday, 28th July. Proceeds will go to the Women's Refuge.

Refreshments available.

NOTICE !!!

HOUSES AND FLATS ARE AVAILABLE

Apply Students' Association Office

NOTICE !!!

WESTERN DISTRIBUTOR/  
MOLONGLO PARKWAY WILL  
DESTROY ACTON — PUBLIC  
MEETING SPONSORED BY

ANU Students' Association  
ANU Research Students'  
Association

ANU Staff Association  
Australian Academy of Science  
ACT Environment Centre

WILL BE HELD 8PM THURSDAY  
31 JULY COPLAND LECTURE  
THEATRE

SEMINAR —  
Aid in the Development Process —  
Australia's Role?

Speakers include:  
Sir John Crawford  
Alan Wilkinson RSPacS  
John Kerin MHR  
Brendon O'Dwyer — ACFOA Education Unit

We propose a fairly open seminar to discuss the issue of Aid, centred in the morning around the conceptual basis of aid. The afternoon will be reserved for discussion of Australia's role. An informed panel will round up proceedings at the close of the seminar.

Date: August 9th 1975  
Time: 9.30 - 12.30 1.30 - 5  
Place: Law School Lecture Theatre

# Students' Association Notes

**1. Housing** — It was resolved that the S.A. co-operate with the Administration by allowing the two dwellings currently occupied to become part of the 5% to be allocated and by not occupying further houses until it has been shown to a general meeting of the Association that the number of houses allocated and the rate of allocation is unreasonable taking into account dwellings still vacant and the expected size of student need.

## STUDENTS IN NEED OF HOUSES CONTACT S.A. OFFICE

**2. Distress Cottage** — The meeting resolved to support the setting up of a cottage as a discussion centre which will provide temporary accommodation for students under stress, the lack of which is causing students to be institutionalised and that the ANUSA request from the University Administration the use of a furnished house near the campus for this purpose and further that the ANUSA request the University Administration to cost this venture so that finance may be raised.

On this matter the intention is that the fullest co-operation be sought with the health and counselling service. We feel that there is a need for community (in this case student) support groups for people in stress. Much of this stress we believe is associated with examinations and increased workloads and in this sense the education campaign is an important related community activity. The initiative for and control of such a support facility should lie with the students and not with the professionals to ensure its maximum success. There is a significant student group behind the project which can be contacted through Ray Barrett, Toad Hall. I suggest that a working group be set up with Ray Barrett (from the support group), Di Fields (S.A. Welfare Officer), Dr. Furnass, Pat Sorby, a representative from the counselling service and a representative from Administration to work with some vigour on this project. The working group could be serviced by the Students' Association and the SA Executive Office would be available for meetings.



**3. Elections** — To the Education Committee Graham Gerrard as our economics faculty representative, Christine Wheeler as our Asian Studies faculty representative and Isabella Martinis, Deborah Heally, John Duiggan as general representatives. Andrew Dunstan and Julius Roe were elected as SA representatives on the BSGS.

**4. Master Builders** — At the last Association meeting (18 June) it was resolved that the ANUSA deplores the approaches made by certain members of the ACT Master Builders Association requesting free student labour on the Arts Centre site. The policy of the ANUSA is that students will only work on University building sites as financial members of the appropriate union and be paid at least award wages.



**5. BSGS Elections** — I wrote the Academic Registrar as follows: "You will recall the representations you received concerning the BSGS elections following which you agreed to a compromise suggestion that polling stations should be in the Faculty Offices and at the Union rather than simply at the administration. At the time I felt that this proposal was inadequate but it could be accepted on grounds of the need for haste in this matter. When I rang you I offered student labour for polling booths, etc. The blame for this haste I must point out lies neither with you or with us but fairly and squarely with the Board who have delayed not for a week but for years on this matter. Unfortunately your office made it impossible for this compromise to be sold to the members of the Association (who rightly attacked the shortness of the nominating period and the polling period, and the lack of accessible polling places) because it was brought to their notice that:

1. there were very few notices about the polling times and place especially in light of the change. There were NO notices in the Asian Studies area.
2. there was no list of candidates on July 11 as promised in the circular at most places in the University or even subsequently. The curriculum vitae were as short as hens teeth even up to today.
3. there was little time for publicity for nominations.
4. there was the disgraceful case of a student's ballot paper being *opened* and *torn up* by the polling officer. (The details of this have been provided by Ian Jordan in a letter to you — attached).

The part-time students are particularly outraged at what they see as the 'undemocratic nature' of the elections since they rightly believe that their members had little chance of voting. No one had better dare use the low turn out as evidence of student apathy, or, I feel sure tempers will be sorely frayed. The Association, despite being informed of the difficulties of time faced by your office resolved

"to condemn the University for the way the elections of the faculty representatives for the BSGS were conducted and urges the representatives so elected to resign forthwith."

I feel sure this matter will receive the most urgent attention and action.

Yours sincerely,  
etc. "

## STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION WEDNESDAY 30 JULY 8 pm REFECTORY

### Constitutional Amendment: Roe/

That Section 34(1)

"In the first week of each term and every two weeks thereafter during University term the President shall convene a General Meeting of the Association".

be amended by the deletion of the words

"In the first week of each term and every two weeks thereafter"

and their replacement by the words

"In the second week of each term and every month thereafter."

The reason for this amendment is that many members have complained that it is difficult to give up each second Wednesday evening for the Association meeting. Given that the Committees of the Association are effectively working and the right of 25 people to call a special meeting in less than a week there is little need for fortnightly meetings and monthly meetings would suffice. This amendment will make it possible for the president to advertise meetings more thoroughly than at present and will hopefully result in larger attendances. There will not be double the business since reports from committee may have more in them but need not necessarily require more discussion time. The effectiveness of this constitutional change will also be increased by the adoption of a resolution

Roe/

"That the Clubs and Societies Committee be asked to enforce the regulations that prevent meetings of affiliates at the time General meetings are held.

# FOOD

## CHICKEN CACCIATORE

8-10 chicken pieces or one whole chicken (cut up)  
salt  
1 packet Lawry's Spaghetti Sauce Mix  
1 can peeled tomatoes (or 1 lb ripe tomatoes)  
½ cup red wine (optional)  
1 cup water  
2 tabs. oil

Season chicken with salt, brown in the oil in a large frying pan, remove the chicken and drain off the oil. Blend sauce mix and the tomatoes (or chop fresh ones) in the pan, add the water and wine. Return the chicken to the pan, cover and simmer for approx. one hour.

Serve over cooked spaghetti or noodles.



## CARAMEL FILLING (for cakes, baked pastry cases and YOU)

1¼ cups milk  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 full tablespoon cornflour  
2 egg yolks  
1 tablespoon butter  
Squeeze of lemon juice  
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine brown sugar and cornflour and egg yolks. Heat remainder of milk, remove from stove and add brown sugar etc. Return to low heat and stir until gently boiling; continue cooking for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add butter, vanilla and lemon juice. Cool and pour into cooked pastry cases. Top with a swirl of fresh cream and decorate with walnuts.



4 oz. margarine  
2 oz. sugar  
1 egg  
8 oz. S.R. flour

Beat margarine until soft (add a little hot water). Add sugar & cream (it). Well-beat egg through the mixture. Fold in flour. Place in fridge for 1 - 1½ hours (or for as long as you can — this "rests" the pastry and makes it easier to roll out) Turn onto a lightly floured board. Roll to about ¼" thickness (½ cm.?) and cut into desired shapes. Hot oven (375-425°) till golden brown.





**TO THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DECISION-MAKERS OF THE ANU:**

We, the undersigned members of the University, noting

1. that there are to be more compulsory exams in 1975 than there were in 1974,
2. that many units do not offer reasonable alternatives to exams,
3. the increase in student workloads that these sham alternatives have produced,
4. that half of the departmental committees in the School of General Studies have less than 50% student representation by any definition,
5. that the BSGS has not implemented its resolutions of April 1974 on "desirable objectives",

therefore urge that the following arrangements be implemented immediately:

1. Each student to have the personal choice whether or not to sit an exam, and any alternative not to involve an increase in student workload; and
2. Departmental Committees in the School of General Studies to have at least 50% student representation.

**A CHANCE TO PARTICIPATE**

Perhaps a recap of the Education Campaign would not be a bad idea, as many students are not aware of the effort being made on their behalf by a small number of energetic individuals.

Last year, in April, the Board of the School of General Studies adopted as "desirable objectives" four student demands (with some minor verbal variations). It did this as a result of student pressure. It did not do it under duress: they took the action to avoid a political defeat. They did not want students to see them for the conservative, paternalistic and elitist academics that most of them are.

Since that time, however, they have nailed their true colours to the mast, (although it might be said of a few that, like Arthur Balfour, they nailed their colours to the fence!). The Joint Committee of the Board and the Students' Association (the 10/10 committee) made its recommendations. They were a compromise (and as a result somewhat cumbersome), but they were undoubtedly a step in the right direction. These were rejected by the Board and by four out of five Faculties. The desirable objectives are effectively dead, although no staff member dares to say so.

Throughout this year, the major thrust of the campaign has been to press the Board to live up to its own resolution. In particular, the objectives of "a wider choice of assessment" and "staff/student participation on an equal basis of representation in

the determination of course content" have been ignored.

Recently, a number of debacles in which students have got nowhere have persuaded those more active than others that we should widen the campaign to involve the broad body of students: it is necessary to show the troglodytes in the positions of power in this University that, unlike them, we are not out of contact with students. The action of English students in calling a strike was spontaneous on their part and we believe that similar frustration exists in many other areas.

We have decided to focus the campaign on two central issues: the fact that compulsory exams are still conducted, and the fact that students do not have 50% representation on most departmental com-

mittees. These issues have both long-term and short-term importance. They are clear matters of principle and cannot be clouded by the introduction of red herring issues.

We are inviting students to take part in this campaign by signing a petition asking that these situations be remedied immediately. The remedies are clear and simple. There would be no problem in implementing them.

It is only if students make their views known that we can press for effective action. We are fighting in your interests. Students have always supported ANUSA policy on Education. Please continue that support.

ANDREW DUNSTAN  
(Chairperson, ANUSA  
Education Committee)

**SUGGESTED READING:**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Women and Madness   | Phyllis Chesler<br>(New York, Doubleday 1972), |
| Mary Barnes - Two Accounts of a Journey Through Madness     | Mary Barnes and Joseph Berke<br>(Pelican)      |
| The Belljar   | Sylvia Plath<br>(London, Faber & Faber 1966)   |
| Sanity, Madness and The Family - families of schizophrenics | R.D. Laing and A. Esterson (Pelican)           |
| One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest (Life in an Asylum)         | Ken Kesey                                      |

# Melbourne MAD Conference NESS

**Major Topics will include:**

- What is madness
- Housewife neurosis
- Women and Drugs
- The power of therapy
- Women and doctors
- Feminist Theory
- E.C.T. and Institutions
- Women and suicide
- Lesbians
- 'I had a dominant mother'
- Menstruation and menopause

The Conference will be held at Melbourne University Union

- Fri. 8 Aug - dance at 8pm in Union
- Sat. 9 Aug - Session begins at 9am
- Sun. 10 Aug - Session begins at 10am

The Conference is for Women Only except one plenary session on Sunday morning when men will be admitted.

**Format of the Conference**

- Workshops, Discussion Groups to allow participation from everybody, a choice of topics, contact opportunities, exchange of ideas, the setting up of action groups, etc.
- Films, Videotapes for Discussion
- Talks, Panels by professionals, patients and any interested women

We are hoping to compile a Poetry Booklet. Could any women please send or bring contributions to the Conference.



**WOMEN AND MADNESS CONFERENCE  
REGISTRATION FORM**

Name:.....

Address:.....

.....postcode.....

Telephone .....

**Billeting**  
If you live in Melbourne and can accommodate any interstate visitors or require billeting please notify us soon.

Can offer billets for .....

Require billeting .....

NB - Professional Child Care Facilities Available

Require child care for (how many).....

(ages).....

(times required).....

Fee \$1 per day for Saturday and Sunday including catering

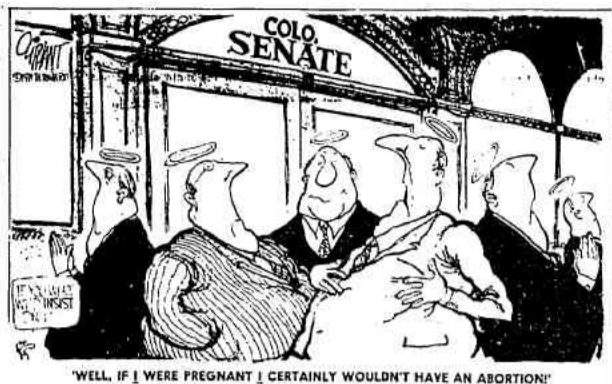
Please make all cheques payable to the

Women and Madness Collective.

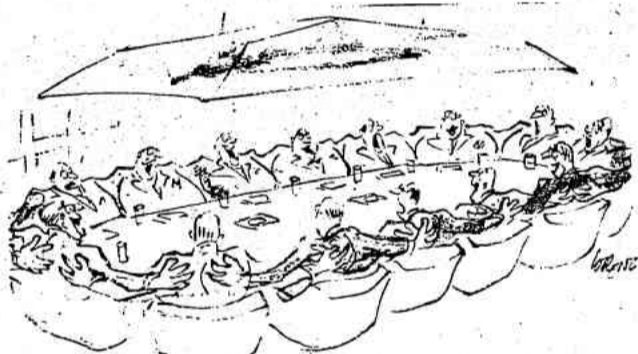
Send All Registration Forms To:

W.A.M. Collective  
c/- Virginia  
14B Gatehouse Street  
Parkville 3052  
Victoria

# RIPT OFF COMIX DEPT



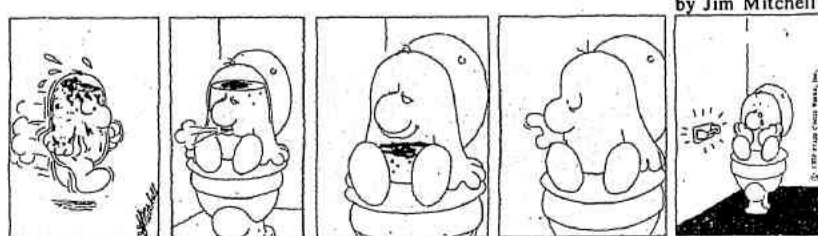
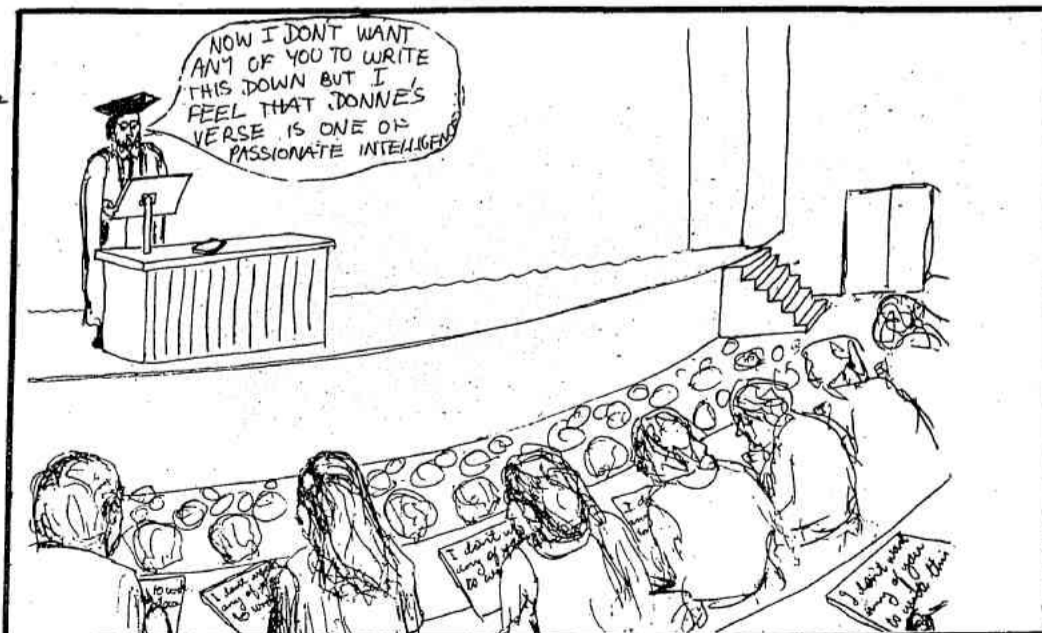
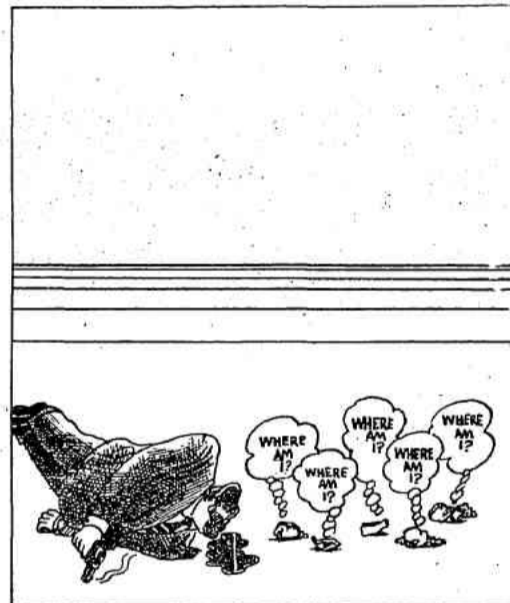
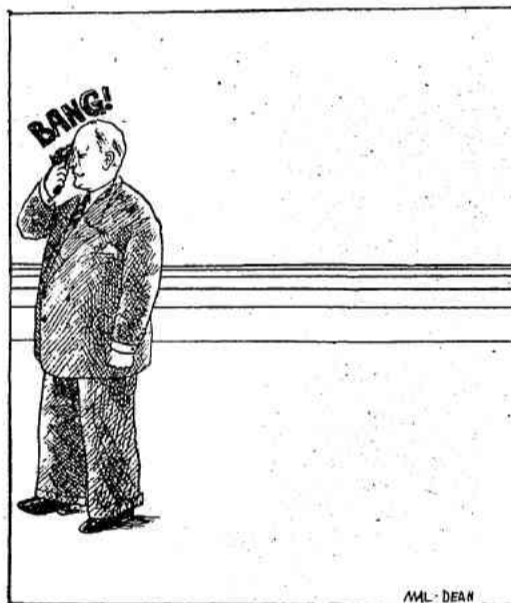
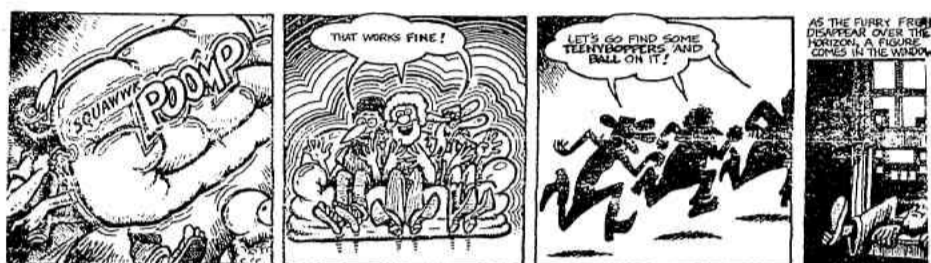
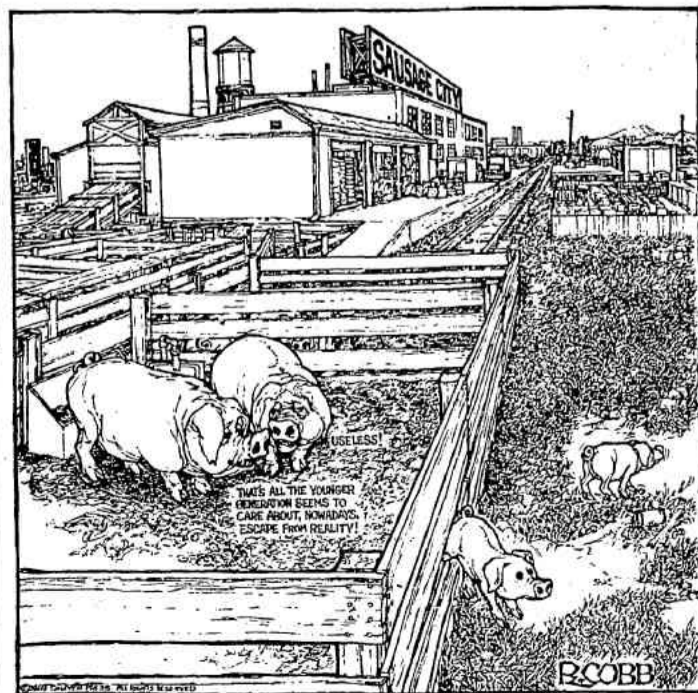
"Here he comes, trying to raise the rent again."



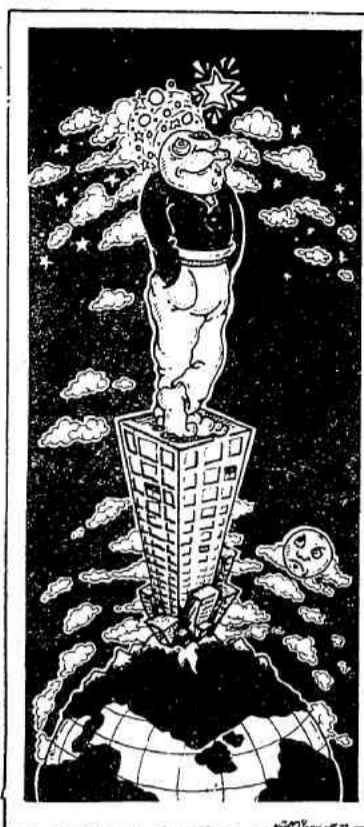
"Deep in my heart, I do believe... we shall overcome, someday."



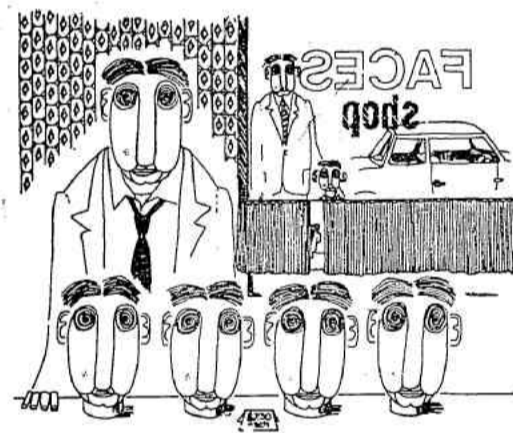
"We drop the bombs. The bombs release hundreds of watches. The watches do nothing. The peasants die from anxiety."



"I don't see why my husband wants to be there at the birth he won't even there at the conception."



"Hi! Mind if I join you? I'm the fighting priest who isn't afraid to talk to the young. Maybe you read about me in LOOK."



"Is he really going to turn into a butterfly?"



On Wednesday night I wandered underground into the pool table region of the Union Bar to follow up a rumour that somehow reached the Woroni office that the sinister Mag organization was to be resurrected during Bushweek.

I interviewed Fiona Jan David of 40 Duffy Street, Ainslie of 47 9917 (might be in early morning or between 6.30 and 7.30 when the news is on). Beautiful body, beautiful person, sporting achievements — played hockey in high-school, played tennis, sport, table tennis, goes skiing (gets good suntan) and asked her had she heard anything about it. She said NO.

But Phil said he thought he heard Rigmor say something about it. Then someone told me to look for Martin Attridge who could probably tell me what groups were going to be in it. I found him eventually. He said "I'd tell you but I've got to piss off because I've just got a lift home with Duffy."

Then I was finally introduced to a bleary eyed bum sitting on the floor, sucking the guts out of a Marlboro, high as hell on Tequilla, the infamous and dreaded Mr Unknown of the Canberra Underground. Now I knew I'd get some answers.

But then Rigmor Berg herself came along and I knew she would tell me. I asked her, "Rigmor could you tell me anything about it?" She said "Well, ARIEL are playing" "Who are they?" "Fuck, haven't you heard of them, they are fantastic" — one of the drunks came alive to rave on about them too. "Ironknob",

(Rigmor continued) from South Australia, and Easy Street and its on Saturday the 9th, \$2.00, (\$3.50 non students). Light-show.

She said if you want to know anything else you will have to see Mark May. "Who the fuck's Mark May?" I wondered and went back to Mr Unknown.

He passed me a joint and said 'Well basically the position is this. The Dance is basically a Mr ANU dance being staged by the Marihuana Action Group, which has specially (sic) reconvened with three basic objectives. Firstly to contribute to the Mr ANU Quest and provide entertainment for the people during Bushweek by putting on this dance. Secondly, we hope to help the Bushweek activists to raise money for the Women's Refuge (which it is generally agreed is a good and practical contribution to the community). Thirdly, to continue the previous functions of M.A.G.: the overthrow of Civilization, providing legal assistance to our brethren busted on marihuana charges, raping, killing, etc. and by hopefully putting on more dances during the year where we can all relax from the strains of twentieth century life with a bit of good dirty fun.

"And fuck ethics" he added, anticipating my forming thought.

#### VATZLAV

[ A spectacular Non-musical, Non-extravaganza by Slavomir Mrosek, the noted Polish horticulturist done by the A.N.U. Theatre Group. ]



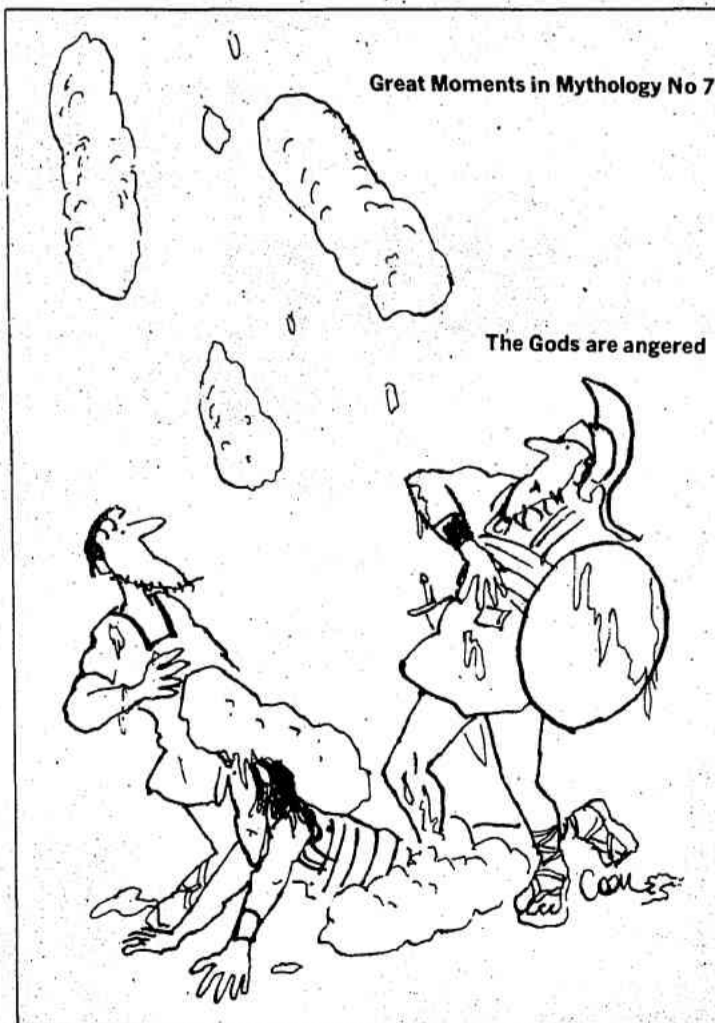
\$1 Students  
\$2 People  
\$10 Bunyip Aristocrats

The story so far: Vatzlav is expelled from the womb<sup>2</sup> of the ocean and, betraying the noble brotherhood of his working class origins, leaves his alter-ego to drown. Quickly, he realizes the profit to be made by being a lackey and lick-spittle running-dog of the imperialist Capitalist Oppressors, and when, with true revolutionary idealism and ideo-

logical purity, Justice is exposed before the down-trodden working-class (in the hope that the sight may arouse<sup>3</sup> a noble desire for justice) he exploits them, her, it and himself. Truth, Justice and the Revolutionary Way prevail and Vatzlav, like the phoenix, perishes<sup>4</sup> in the flaming creation of his scion. And they live "happily ever after"<sup>5,6</sup>

1. Vatzlav concerns itself, as the exhaustive, manifold symbolism of the title suggests, with the Meaning of Life, the Nature of the Universe, the Existence of Truth, the Distinction between Reality and Illusion, the Resolution of the Paradox of Thought and Action (Shakespeare once attempted something along similar lines and whether

Joe Wolfe [sic] was cast for more than just his beautiful body.  
2. cf. e.g. ibid. ( Bk. IX || 267-8 [sic] )  
3. See 2. supra  
4.  
5. Manufacturers of high quality Ice-creams since 1682  
6. Now read on.....?



# MIS SNOW WHITE

Kissing dead women is got to be a lonely way to go

Snow White awoke to the feeling of thick, moist, almost rubbery lips pressed against hers, carrying the unmistakable taste of Bianca which immingled with the almost heady aftertaste in her mouth of poisoned apple.

"Jesus", she said, opening her eyes. "I feel like I've been asleep for a month. What time is it?"

"About 4.30," said the deep voice of the man kneeling over her.

"Who are you, what are you doing in my bedroom, and do you have any more Bianca?" asked Snow White.

"No," the man said, "but I have some sour lemon drops. My name is Godstool, Prince Raymond Godstool. Here, take the whole package. I've got more in my saddlebag."

"Well, you certainly are a good-looking dude. What are you, an actor?"

"No, I really am a Prince. My father is King Godstool, ruler of this whole country and 200 acres in Palm Desert. What are you doing in this glass casket out here in the woods?"

"Wow! You know, I'm so groggy, I didn't realize where I was. The last thing I remember was some evil bitch giving me an apple. It must of been loaded with downers. Put me out forever!"

"Yeah, when I saw you lying there I thought for sure you were dead."

"Is that why you kissed me, then?"

"Well, no, I . . ." he started to say.

"That's okay. Hey, we've all got our hang-ups. But really, kissing dead women is got to be a lonely way to go."

"It wasn't like that at all. You looked so lovely there . . ."

"Forget it. I wonder where all the little weirdos are. What time is it?"

"I don't know, about 4:30 or 5:00"

"Oh, then they're probably heigh-hoing it up in the mines. They'll be back soon. I guess they thought I was dead too. The least they could've done was bury me. God, they're weird."

"Who are you talking about?" the Handsome Prince asked, helping Snow White to her feet.

"Ummm, you're strong. The little guys. The seven dwarves. I live with them."

"You live with seven guys?"

"Yeah, but it's not what you think. I don't ball them or anything. I just keep house for them. Room and board and whatever I can rip-off for myself at the market. You'll like them, but I don't think they'll like you. They don't like tall people. I guess you'll stay for dinner?"

"Thank you. Yes, that would be nice. By the way, what's your name?"

"Snow White."

"That's an unusual name."

"Yeah, my sister's name is Lily White, and I've got a brother named Olaf. My father was a lover of puns. That's why I ran away from home. I'll bet this place is a mess," she said, as she opened the door of the house and went in. "Jesus, will you look at this? Every one of them has a different job and they appointed Sloth to keep the house clean. At least he had it before I came here, so I assume he's got it again."

dinner. Boy, I feel like I haven't eaten in months," she said, eyeing him up and down, "Or anything else, either."

Suddenly the door swung open and the dwarves came pouring in. They started jumping up and down with excitement. They told her about how they thought she was dead, and she told them about the Prince and introduced them.

"You're welcome in our home, Prince Godstool," said Pride. "We're very proud of it. Built it ourselves, you know."

"Yeah," said Avarice, "but it still cost us a fortune."

Lust started rubbing Snow White on the arse, and Wrath slapped his hand away.

"God, I wish I had the guts to just reach out and touch her like that," Envy said.

Snow White and the Prince made dinner while the dwarves washed up, and he told her all about his father's court, with its wealth, intrigue, decadence and other status symbols.

Dinner went well, except that Gluttony kept taking food from other people's plates and fighting with Avarice over some extra portions. Gluttony ate too much, got up, excused himself, and then got sick on the floor. Sloth dozed off and his face fell into his mashed potatoes. He almost suffocated, but Pride gave him mouth to mouth resuscitation. As soon as he came to, Wrath, angry for having been embarrassed in front of the Prince, hit him and knocked him out again. Envy muttered quietly to himself that he wished he could hit like that. Lust just sat there silently touching himself under the table.

Snow White had made their favorite dessert, Strawberry Short Cake, and then, over demi-tasses and Shermans, the Prince delighted everyone with more stories of his enormous wealth.

After dinner the seven dwarves excused themselves, explaining that they'd had a hard day at the mines, and went to their respective beds (or so we're led to believe).

Snow White and Raymond sat on the couch and got to know one another.

"What's your sign?" asked the Prince.

"I'm a triple Leo," said Snow White, with a certain deserved pride.

"Far out!" exclaimed the Prince. I used to go with a triple Leo," whereupon he kissed her and she kissed him back. But then she pulled away.

"I don't want to start anything," she said.

"Why not? Because of the dwarves upstairs?"

"No, I may talk a good game, but I've sworn to myself not to do anything until I get married."

"Really?" asked the Prince. "Then let's get married."

"Wow, I've heard of being horny before . . ."

"Oh, don't be gross," Raymond said.

"Sloth?" asked the Prince.

"Yeah, one of the dwarves. There's also Pride, Wrath, Envy, Lust, Gluttony and Avarice. Listen!"

Off in the distance they could hear a lot of little voices singing "Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho, it's the Rudy Vallee Show . . ."

"It's them. Here, peel these carrots while I put some water on. We'll start

"I love you. You're beautiful and good. I'm handsome and wealthy and I like to go out dancing a lot. Why shouldn't we get married?"

Snow White thought a moment. "Well, I did always have my heart set on a handsome prince, and you're pretty laid back and cool and everything. Okay."

They kissed again and this time Snow White let the Prince touch one of her bare breasts.

The goodbye party the dwarves threw for Raymond and Snow White the next morning was uneventful, and as soon as all the punch was gone the happy couple began its trek back to the Prince's home.

As they rode away from the dwarves' house all the birds and rabbits and deer, all the animals who lived in the woods, accompanied the betrothed couple for a way, hopping and gambolling and flapping merrily around them. During all this festivity no one noticed that one of the wise old owls swooped down and picked up one of the cute little mice in its talons, took it up to the top of a gnarled old oak tree and ate it.

In no time at all Snow White and the Handsome Prince arrived at the Prince's

home, the Castle of King Godstool the Sluggish.


The court was joyous at the safe return of the Prince (he had left the day before on his way to the Crusades), and the welcoming home party was fantastic. It was catered for by Raoul, the Maitre 'd' at the best restaurant in town, and just everybody was there.

During the evening Cinderella disappeared into one of the back bedrooms with the Corsican Brothers and Merlin got drunk with one of the courtesans and turned into a trick.

The Prince announced his engagement to Snow White during the party, and pandemonium broke out. Everybody shouted congratulations and crowded around them, and Raoul insisted on catering the wedding.

The Queen, Raymond's mother, who was now into microbotics, the Occult, Tai-Chi exercises and Quaaludes, wanted to have her coven leader, Zanthia, perform the wedding.

The King, who had recently abandoned jogging and chanting "Nom Myoho rengo kyo" for Orthodox Hasidic Judaism, wanted to have a Rabbi do the wedding, and insisted on watching Snow White during the Mikvah, to make sure she did it right.



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*Mother I'm Rooted —  
An Anthology of Australian  
Women Poets*

Outback Press 1975  
edited by Kate Jennings  
(Kate Jennings will be a judge at the  
Mr A.N.U. Charity Quest 5th August)

JANE BULLEN

## ROOTED... OR NOT?

For a book which started off as a "neat anthology of already known women writers" as Kate Jennings tells us in her editorial, this has turned out as one of the most impressive statements of women in Australia I have ever seen. The sheer size and scope of the anthology (it covers about 150 writers and 550 pages) makes it almost impossible to make any statement about the book as a whole. Many of the writers have never been published before; only a few are well-known. The poems are about every conceivable subject that affects women, and in a variety of styles. They express a veritable spectrum of feelings and emotions.

One theme however which occurs again and again is that of identity. There is a constant attempt to express the woman's loss of self, the sensation of being defined in terms of another, and the desperate search for some way of becoming whole. As Elvira Davis puts it:

Men turn us into beings  
How they conceive us

... I reciprocate each thought,  
And conceive myself  
As a myriad  
Of tones,  
Colours and moods,  
Of their initiation.

These are poems of love or friendship for women, poems about relationships with men, children, relatives, poems about what it is to be a woman and what it is to write.

Jennings wants this book to question accepted standards of poetry, and she says that instead of any other criterion, she selected the poems on the grounds of directness and honesty. Perhaps it is this that is most striking about the book; the form of the poem is subordinated to the intense desire to say something, to mean something. Sometimes what is said contorts the poem, and the words are clumsy in their attempt to say it. The honesty, the urgent saying of what is meant is expressed in the flawed structure, the not-quite-balanced nature of many of these poems.

The effect of this is a refusal to compromise, an insistence on meaning in the face of form and a book well worth the time it takes to read it.

Barbara Atkinson, p.24  
*An Occupied Mind*  
Mona Brand, p.40 *These Hands*  
Joanne Burns, p.83  
*Inauguration of the Mousekafear Club*

Helen Garner, p.182  
Sylvia Kantaziris, p.289

*Commuter*

### Philosophical Aspects of Feminism

A three-day conference 16-18 August 1975  
Bruce Hall, ANU, Canberra.

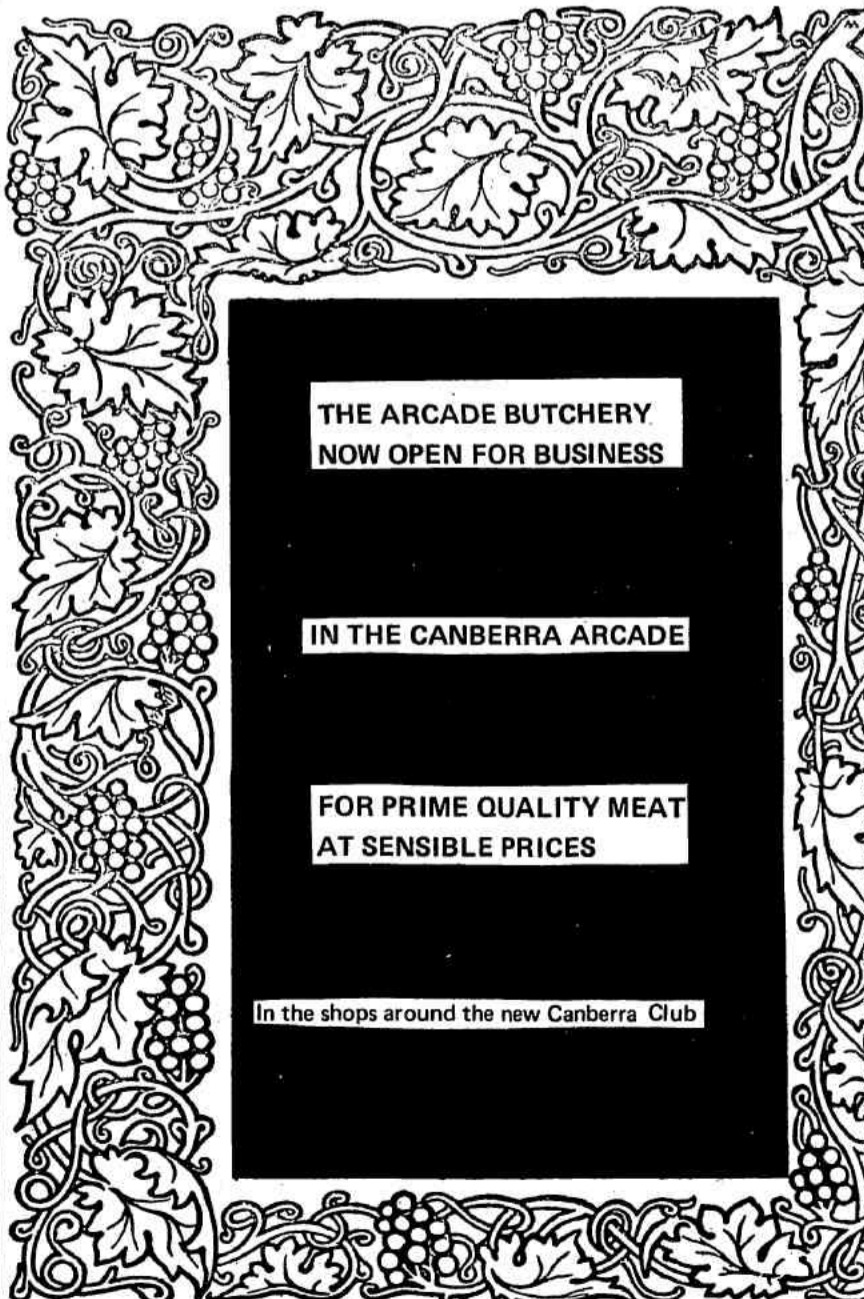
## SO, YOU KNOW IT ALL??

Papers are expected under the following general headings (a detailed list, with abstracts, will be available in mid-July):

- an analysis of the concepts 'sexism', 'feminism', etc.
- what is a 'sex object'? What is it to treat someone 'as an object'?
- sexual perception
- reason and intuition — against a female God
- is Christianity compatible with feminism?
- Aristotle on women
- 'The Sovereignty of man' — an historical survey
- is feminism necessarily revolutionary, rather than reformist?
- is a class analysis applicable to the study of sex oppression?
- alternatives for a Marxist feminism
- women in the Universities

for details of papers contact:

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# STOP PRESS: (IN ENGLISH)

On Wednesday at 1.00 pm, a meeting was held for all English students, to discuss the current strike of 4th Year honours students over the issue of equal representation of staff:students on the Departmental Committee.

At the last Departmental Committee Meeting, staff, through Professor Hardy were "dishonest" and "offensive" to students present. The students were treated as second class members of the committee, by the fact that information was withheld from them regarding courses in 1976, and that decisions about the English units had already been made by staff outside the meeting. At this meeting an amendment to a motion concerning 50% student representation on the committee was put, and and lost 7:5. The large number (in proportion) of abstentions (11, all of which were from members of staff) indicates the stranglehold Professor Hardy has over the organization of his English Department.

The case against equal student/staff representation was based on several assumptions:

1. Equal representation means full student control over the department (? !)
2. Students are *irresponsible* — they would neglect various important aspects deemed necessary in any academically respectable English Literature course.

**BUT** — there is evidence that even staff members are fallible for there exists a sad neglect of Drama in most of the Literature courses; and in fact, many students have expressed the wish for a separate unit in Drama.

3. Equal representation will result in all sorts of "silly radical" literature courses being introduced, and the demand that "all staff must now become Communists." This is quite a strange assumption to make, as the 4th Year English students have not taken *any* radical action like this before.

50:50 student/staff representation on the Departmental Committee is a directive from the Board of the School of General Studies. This was not an unprecedented demand by the English students. Some departments are now totally in favour of equal staff/student representation on their committees. A notable example is the Japanese Department, whose Head, Professor

Ten forty-three,  
In exactly TWO MINUTES  
I'll ring the  
FIRST BELL and  
they'll all  
stand still!



All, that is, except  
your potential DEVIATE!  
Your fledgling REBEL!  
Your incipient BOAT-ROCKER  
They'll try to move all right!  
THEY'LL have to  
learn the HARD  
way not to move!



So I'll SCREAM at 'em  
and take their NAMES  
and give them FIVE  
DETENSIONS and EXTRA  
HOMEWORK! Next time  
they won't move  
after the first  
bell!



Because when they've  
learned not to question  
the FIRST BELL, they'll  
learn not to question  
their TEXTS! Their  
TEACHERS! Their  
COURSES!  
EXAMINATIONS!



They'll grow up to accept  
TAXES! URBAN  
REDEVELOPMENT! POL-  
LUTION! INFLATION!  
NATIONAL DATA BANKS!  
CORRUPTION! RACIAL  
DISCRIMINATION! UNEM-  
PLOYMENT! EMPLOYMENT!  
SLAVERY! GENOCIDE!



Non-movement  
after  
the first  
bell is  
the  
backbone  
of Western  
Civilization!



A. Alfonso said regarding representation that: "in this Department there is a full, frank, and equal representation, that there is a continuous dialogue and understanding between staff and students that goes beyond a percentage figure . . . The student representatives want to emphasize that there is truly equal representation in this Department."

He further says, regarding information and consultation,

"I strongly believe that we can get substantially higher results if the students are fully informed of what we are doing and why we are doing it . . .

In our continuous dialogue . . . students are much more reasonable than some might think once they know why we do things in a certain way."

A motion supporting the action of the 4th Year students in striking, and the demand for equal student/staff representation on the Departmental Committee was carried at the meeting on Wednesday by a majority of 47:1, with two abstentions.

Another meeting of English students has been called to discuss the outcome of the Departmental Committee meeting on Thursday, at which the issue of representation will be raised for final discussion.

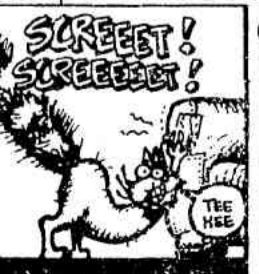
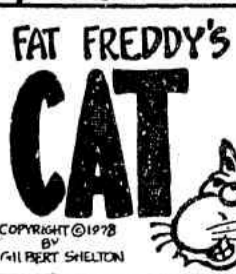
*Woroni* interviewed some of the 4th Year students on strike. They said that

"we are not doing this for the sake of our health, since it makes no difference to us whether the Committee has 50/50 representation or not.

Once we have raised our various points at the meeting on Thursday, if we lose the vote there is nothing more we can do. If the rest of the students wish to take some follow-up action, then it is up to them to do so."

The 4th Year students interviewed recognized that they are in a fortunate position as compared to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Year students, and that these students had more grounds for complaint.

Continued action, of course, will depend upon the outcome at the Departmental Committee Meeting on Thursday, 24 July. A further report on this dispute will be included in the next issue of *Woroni*.



# "So we walk the mole's bullshit"

by Clytie Brown



"What makes so much contemporary verse boring? Undoubtedly its obscure (or at least imperfectly-articulated) treatment of esoteric and often trivial subjects. To which one may add: often a monotonous concern with the poet's private sensibilities, and an inability to deal with external, generally recognizable, or generally interesting subjects."

Mark O'Connor "On Boring Verse", p. 45.

Every poet, editor and critic should engrave these words on an amulet to wear day and night to ward off the demons of dullness, obscurity and trivia. Generalizing what O'Connor has written, most modern poetry is boring because it's written about boring subjects, and the most boring of these is the modern poet herself. Let's have a cease-fire of rounds of meaningful moments, unrecapturable raptures and all the ammunition of the self-consciously poetic. Forget the poetry of observation and the poet's study of the minutiae of her own life. More objectivity, please! Why should we be confined to the belljar world of the poetry cliques. Why doesn't the excitement of philosophical, mathematical, anthropological, biological discoveries and theories resound through modern poetry? (ignore the cosmological cant of Paul Balnaves' poem

*After the Fire*; it's not worth the effort). Where's the poetry of the public service, of pure food standards, of friendship, of the Education Committee, of cooking, politicking . . . There isn't even any *reference* to these. Yet they probably occupy a greater part of most Australians' thoughts and emotions than do the profundities revealed in more 'poetic' subjects—windows, appletrees, dewy lawns, moons, seas, etc.

O Michael Murphy, Robert Crocker, Philip Mead, Uncle Ken Gardiner and all: BEWARE THE ADJECTIVE!

I'd hoped the adjective-verb-noun compound has gone to well-earned rest with G.M. Hopkins. But no, they live! Kept alive by the iron lungs of chisel-star-eyed, hawk-shadowed, dove-dipped Michael Murphy . . . And the black cat is *still* sitting on the blue mat; every noun is adorned by an adjective, each either obscure or meaningless. Relentlessly they appear, battering me into a stupor. Thus, the first stanza of Crocker's *Selections from 'Lyrical Dust'* I read punch-drunkenly as follows:

"So we walk the mole's bullshit  
The whole bullshit rushing off  
our heels  
as cloudbanks climb up the bullshit  
of heaven  
and soft light sparks the bullshit  
up from the wood's soaked  
floor;  
when the hillsides dance in the  
bullshit light  
and winged voices fall on the bull-  
shitting echoes  
where the horses passed us by"

I'm confused about two poems of Philip Mead. *Song for Kelly* must surely be a spoof of the folksy industry glomming itself to the Kellies. It has just the right jingly refrain:

"Kelly, Ned Kelly  
I wonder why"  
recalling: "Twinkle, twinkle little bat  
How I wonder what you're at"  
It has some incredible rhymes:  
"Scanlon ran on". It has a lovely image of the sky as a vast feather-bed,

"and mighty down were the  
skies"  
A mythic figure appears, with an Achilles heel, in this case a sacchariferous appendage:

"and Lonigan lay dead,  
sweet blood from his ear".  
The poem finishes with a profound-sounding and suitably meaningless paradox:

"to be killed nine, ten times  
and then to die"

The second poem, *Bodalla Days II* is a less obvious take-off, this time of the Yeatsian Celtic Twilight ballads. When Mead writes:

"her eye leapt into mine  
and smiled and froze my heart"  
a vision appears of an eyeball glittering with teeth, that leaps into another socket, races down the windpipe and squirts the heart with dry ice. A nice parody of mixed metaphors. Then, Mead conjures up the fear-laden atmosphere beloved of ballad-writers:

"I saw, and blood ran  
knocking through my heart"  
At once, he destroys it with a comic, pseudo-Irishism:  
"for there was the death of me", an expression often used as follows:  
"Oh go on! you'll be the death of me yet!"

But my pleasure in these two poems of Philip Mead was tainted with a hideous feeling that perhaps I was missing the point, perhaps they were not parodies after all . . .

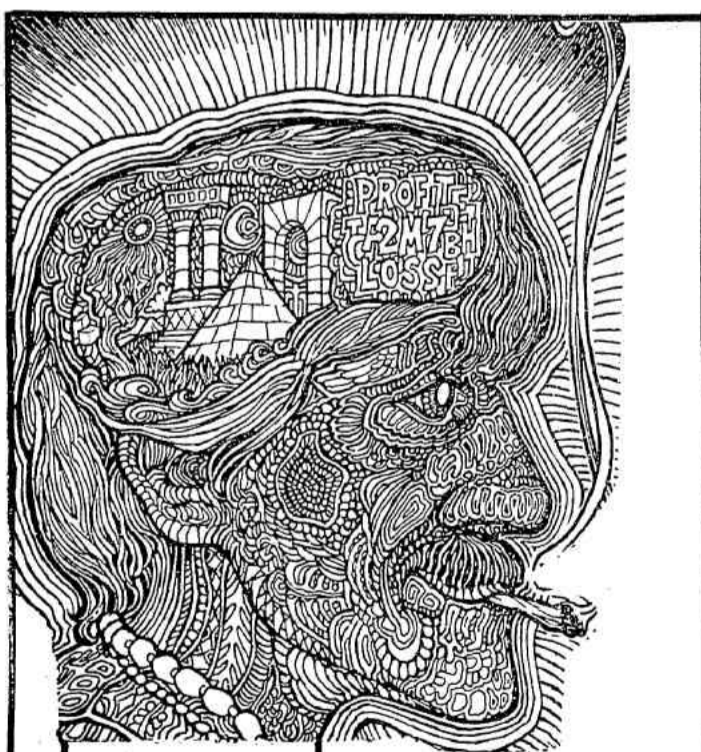
Paul Balnaves' poem *To Keren* I found enchanting, a touching evocation of love's self-centredness:

"all the ways of my city  
are carnal in my lover"  
and, most movingly,  
"all the tides of this city  
are beached on my lover"

A.D. Hope's single contribution was refreshingly funny, though I cringed at the poetic back-scratching and the occasional Chestertonian whimsy. Geoff Page's poem *Tensions* has a splendid description of anxiety which started my stomach twisting in sympathy. I enjoyed David Brooks' poem *Lyke Fire*, the title a neat pun, and the parallel cleverly drawn between the bushfire and the killing of the wounded soldiers. However, the line "distempered victims of the scarlet plague" unfortunately reminded me of sick, runny-nosed dogs. As for the rest of the poems, some bits and pieces managed to fight their way through my adjective-daze. But I can't think of anything profound to say about them.

Hail, Balnaves, Hart, Summers and Anonymous! I who am about to vomit salute you. Reading your criticism was like eating Weetbix. Processed, reconstituted ideas prepackaged in cellophane jargon: "discipline, taut, talent, craft, finely observed, awareness for detail, uneven performance, haiku-like". Take a look at the presuppositions contained in those words, when next you use them to praise and blame. Away with your airs of polite patronage! If a poem's bad, say so. Why waste time criticizing it? If a poem's good, why criticize it at all? (yes I know I'm playing funny buggers with 'criticize'). Literary criticism's only useful when it says something new, and only interesting when the critic writes well enough to ensnare her reader. And writing about a hitherto unwritten-about writer is NOT necessarily writing something new. Applying the same old formulae to writer after writer to produce the same kind of criticism again and again — oh no no no, please no. Finally, why, Hart & Summers, do you avoid 'I', as if in a schizo panic? The ingenuity of your avoidance devices is astounding: 'one', first person plural, and second person pronouns, passives with impersonal agents, and even, coyly, 'the reader'.

'as one suspects'  
'we find ourselves plunged . . .'  
'Only occasionally do you feel the lines sag.'  
'(Page) is to be commended for . . .'  
'give the reader the confidence'  
'we are impressed'.  
Bugger me dead if I am. Speak for yourselves! More Subjectivity in criticism!



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## Alan Gould Reviews Reviews

*Native Companions*, A.D. Hope,  
Angus & Robertson, 287 pp, 1974.

Literary journalism is one of the smaller branch-lines of literature. Biographical sketches, book reviews and articles of literary comment seldom invite a second visit, being of their nature 'occasional', and the commuting reader usually chooses an author's more celebrated or notorious works as his destination, quite rightly preferring the direct recreation of life, manners and characters to the oblique treatment these receive in literary commentary. Ephemeral as such a genre frequently is, the task facing the writer is similar to that which faces him when he undertakes a work of more ambition, namely the task of beguiling an idle reader's eye, and by resources such as charm and wit, persuading it to remain on his pages for the duration of the piece. In common with his cousins of the stage, the writer needs to be skilled in the arts of seduction for which research and scholarship are no substitutes for a lively imagination. One thinks of the mischievous wit and intrigue in the journalism of Jonathan Swift where the artistry of pieces such as 'A Modest Proposal' or 'The Bickerstaff Papers' makes these a source of delight long after the occasion for which they were written has ceased to matter. Grub Street, of course, is both resilient and Protean and every literature student is familiar with bad literary journalism in which discussion so often takes place in the enclosed stifling world characteristic of parasites. The reader is snared in much futile pedantry, much trivial or muddy opinion, couched either in soupy jargons or a polystyrene gimmickry that passes for wit. Indeed it is a shaft of light through the murk to read a book of literary-social journalism that combines an imaginative and intellectual vigour with a lucid style and generous wit. On their rare appearances, such collections derive their own authority and assert their own usefulness. Their function is the enrichment and reinforcement of literature; their achievement is to nourish rather than spoil a reader's appetite for the original, illuminating the diversity and subtlety of the creating sensibility, by displaying those very qualities in the appreciative.

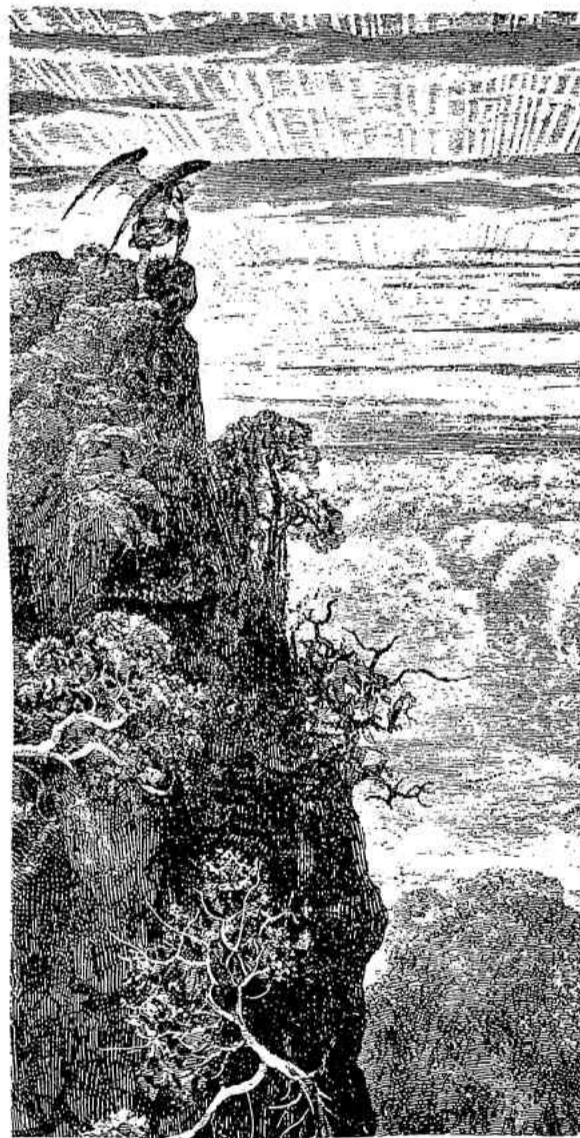
I found the articles in Professor Hope's collection *Native Companions* to possess just this authority. The book has three parts, —some reflections of his own life, some reviews reprinted from journals, and some critical articles under the heading of 'Considered Opinions'. The author's skill as beguiler is apparent from the first essay in the book, 'Meet Nurse'. The central point of the piece is an abstract one, the operation of the 'sensory imagination' and the 'verbal imagination' in literary composition, but the reader's intellect is engaged via his senses. The poet recreates his childhood in Tasmania with vivid and judicious detail, dwelling on particular sights, sounds, memories. The language is familiar and colourful, and by the time that the general point is introduced on the third page, it has already been substantially anchored in the poet's description of his childhood experiences. There is no contrivance. Particulars are not employed as a bristling defence-line of the general, but rather are the nutrient minerals from which the general assertion grows. The method is artful, guileless, and by no means new.

There is a similar imaginative vigour

in some of the reviews, for example the notorious review of *The Tree of Man*.

The reviewer's intention here is reduction, and with the wit of the classical satirists he yokes an image of the ludicrous with the pretensions of his subject to the discredit of both. Again the reader's sensual imagination is engaged, and the acid criticism of Patrick White's novel that follows draws much of its sting from the extravagance of this opening picture.

that it has appeared at last. Publishers hold a special corroboree. Rival novelists lock their doors and say their prayers. Critics reach for their shotguns. Very soon the excitement dies down as it is perceived that this, after all, is just another novel. p75-6. Indeed I found the review not a little mischievous to my own estimation of the novel, which I have read and admire. Professor Hope again employs his satirical skills to savage effect in a review of some



From time to time that mythical Australian monster, the Bunyip, stirs in his swamps or mountain gullies. For a few weeks some little township is terrified by howlings at night. . . . Dogs howl. Cattle disappear. Men carry shotguns and women lock their bedroom doors. Then it is discovered that the Bunyip was just an oversized wild dog, a mad bull, or . . . a seagoing crocodile . . . The scare is over. But the legend of the Bunyip persists.

The Bunyip of Australian Literature is the mythical Great Australian Novel. From time to time we hear

Jindyworobak volumes, where an apparently weighty philosophy of poetry is rendered ridiculous by invoking another absurd comparison, this time with the boy scout movement.

The Jindyworobaks might be described as the Boy Scout School of Poetry. They have the same boyish enthusiasm for playing at being primitive, they lay the same stress on the moral values of bushcraft and the open air, they promise to be pure Australian in word and thought and deed, but above all there is the common determination to do noble deeds, not dream them all day long. p.44

By no means are all the reviews barbed to catch 'meretricious writing and slipshod sentences.' Sometimes the critic is lyrical, as in the review of Judith Wright's book, *The Two Fires*.

Sometimes, just before a storm breaks, there will be a strange stillness and an unearthly and forboding light: in that light one sees familiar objects as though one had never seen them before. The title poem of Judith Wright's fourth book and some others in the volume show us with a poet's eye a familiar world waiting in this unearthly light. However, wit, charm, and sensual description are usually subordinate to the intellectual purpose of any given discussion. They are the aids to understanding, enlivening the criticism and freeing it from the foot-note baggage trains of much academic criticism. Throughout his journalism the author is determined that common sense shall prevail. In the essay on Lucinda Brayford, for example, where discussion involves what information a novelist should give his reader, and how much he should leave to the reader's imagination, though acknowledging the achievement of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce, the bias against psychological or stream of consciousness narrative is based on principles of common sense;

except in moments of relaxation and musing one is not aware of one's own stream of consciousness—let alone that of other people. At moments of action or excitement one's attention is turned outwards on what is happening. To present such moments through a stream of consciousness technique is grotesque and unreal. p.207

The point is then wittily illustrated. Actually the strongest impression of reality, the best way of making a character seem deeply alive and vividly real does not depend on turning his mind inside out for the reader to view at all—any more than the best way of giving a vivid and glowing effect of a beautiful woman is to present the audience with an X-ray photograph of her showing all her bones, the amalgam in her teeth and the shadowy outline of what she had for lunch. p.208

The virtues of Martin Boyd's novel are seen in this light. Labyrinthine passages of psychological detail are absent from the book, and the hallowed techniques of drama, that is, action and speech, are employed in the portrayal of character. The commentary is both forceful and accessible.

The reviewer's role is that of a rather doubtful travel agent, dispensing advice and warnings about which authors and which books a reader may wish to visit. The role is doubtful because the reviewer's authority is a precarious one, founded as it is on private taste and vulnerable to caprice. The reviewer's hope is that through his wit he can persuade his private taste to be publicly adopted, a dream indeed. Had the author of *Native Companions* been successful in realizing this hope some of the more fogbound or featureless literary stopping places would not attract the traffic they do. However, Professor Hope's book is entertaining and instructive, and will not be a disappointment for those familiar with his work. For those that are new to it, I, doubtful travel agent that I am, would first recommend the *Collected Poems*.

ALAN GOULD

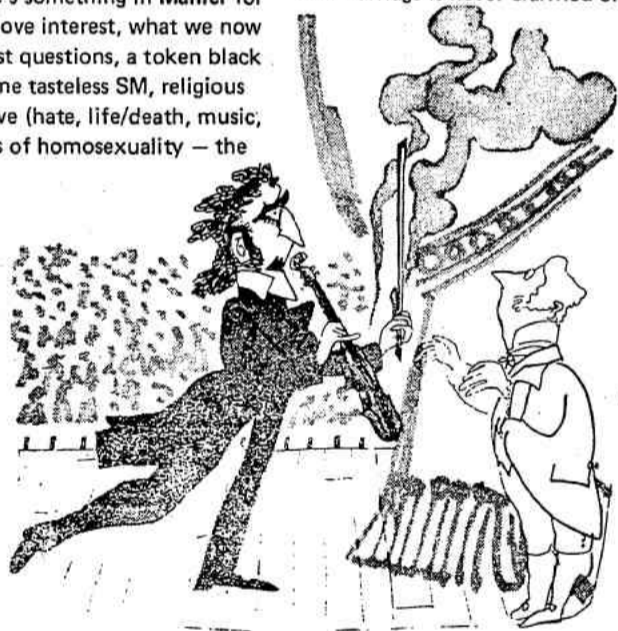


# RUSSELL overkill

**MAHLER — Boulevard Blue**  
Ken Russell's so-called 'controversial masterpiece' is an unsatisfying and unconvincing film, hovering in time and space as it does somewhere between the realism of late nineteenth century Austria and operetta à la Harry Miller — verging—fatuous, with the characters somewhat prone to burst into song or start (modern, symbolic-ish) dancing, at disconcerting moments. There's something in Mahler for everyone; love interest, what we now call feminist questions, a token black or two, some tasteless SM, religious fantasy, love (hate, life/death, music, undertones of homosexuality — the works.

The means by which all this is laid at the audience's feet is seductively simple. Gustav Mahler, ("I conduct to live, I live to compose") musician, and his wife ("I wanted to live so very much but you wouldn't let me") are travelling home to Austria on the train. Being a creative, temperamental fellow, Mahler has fits, dreams and flashbacks *en route* by which means his most affecting experiences come to light: a brutal, shrinking childhood, prejudice he encountered as a Jew and subsequent conversion to Catholicism, his paranoia, fears of death, and relationship with his wife.

This supposedly central issue of the marriage is never clarified or co-



"Be careful of the bow. It's still hot."

herent because the film leaps distractedly from one tableau to another. We come to know that she also wanted to be a composer but had to forget her ambition to mind Mahler and the two kids. Mahler refuses to encourage her song writing efforts rather piggishly, explaining obscurely that he doesn't want her to get hurt, though of course she does. As a female character, she is embarrassingly cardboard; she frolics, smells flowers, chases cows and flirts from which girlish simplicity we are supposed to deduce a powerful creative urge, but unfortunately she never has more than a two-dimensional substance.

Russell perhaps aims to put her forward as a strong and joyous woman thwarted by a sexist society, but he doesn't bring it off. All the women in the film suffer in the same way — they're either sex-objects, mothers or lovers. Even the two children, both female, are presented in a coy, deminymphette fashion.

Mahler himself was potentially interesting at the beginning of the film; dynamic and sensitive. It seems as though the film might examine creativity or a feeling person versus an unfeeling world, but NO! There are too many shots of the back of Mahler's head, framed against the ocean, accompanied by rapturous musical thunderings and other nonsense, and the viewer soon realises the film isn't going to examine anything, only try and appear to — a masterstroke of evasion.

## PAM BLAKELEY

Mahler's religious conversion scene is quite extraordinary — a sort of fantasy dream sequence on the cliffs. He crushes and destroys a Star of David, and embraces Catholicism by leaping through burning hoops with crosses on them, while an evil temptress in black, does erotic dances and throws knives at him. In this scene Mahler is positively twittish. The woman also lays down her whip and marches around heil hitlering which is both historically dishonest since the film is set a good forty years earlier, and corny, then the pair sing "Thanks be to God" in repellent voices — cheap sentimentality.

Mahler has a fitting conclusion. Mahler's wife has a lover, a certain Max, conveniently in the railway carriage next door. She decides Max is better value than Gustav, but on Mahler telling her she can't go because she's his inspiration ("As long as my music lasts, our love will last") she stares vacuously into space for about thirty seconds and kisses him this means a reconciliation, and we soon see a downhearted Max disembarking at the next station. But as the radiant couple walk hand in hand from the station, the doctor is hurrying to tell Mahler that he has a terminal throat disease!

This film suffers most from overkill.

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**DOPE  
DOPE  
DOPE**

We lost this in April but we found it on the floor of the office on Wednesday night... excuse the footprints.



**IT'S NOT A TV SHOW - IT'S QUEENSLAND**  
(ANS/Ferrago) - J.J. McRoach brings us a true to life bust story.

It's a sunny day, July 24, 1974, and a V.W. containing Phil, Greg, and Jerry arrives at a house in Highgate, Brisbane. Unfortunately our trio doesn't know that police regularly visit this place and sure enough, the next morning they do.

Our trio's V.W. is thoroughly searched - a jar of herbal tea is seized. A cop unearths an ALP badge and a copy of Solomonsyn's Cancer Ward. The book has a hammer and sickle on the cover and the cop comments, "A communist? The Lord of the Rings. Cross-examination reveals that Greg is the owner. The police wish to know what the book is about. "How can I explain it to men like you", says Greg. "All I can say is that it's an adult fairy story". The police think this is funny. They ridicule Tepper for reading fairy stories. They make jokes. Does fairy mean fairies as in, ha, ha.

Phil now search the house. No drugs are found in the kitchen. One resident is in possession of a large quantity of marijuana. The police already been to the house. The police look under the sofa and find a large quantity of marijuana. The police look under the sofa and find a large quantity of marijuana. The police look under the sofa and find a large quantity of marijuana.



November 5. The court case is remanded until 6 and 7. November 6, 7. The final court case. The legal shenanigans and believe this magistrate will alter times and erasures. He hears notes taken at the bust and compared notebooks and tried to match up contradictory entries. The magistrate listens as the barrister discusses the contents of interview and points out that these records are voluntary and that the voluntary nature of the evidence is extremely suspect. The magistrate must for about an hour and then delivers his decision. The defendants were acquitted. We called two witnesses, Miss Ryan and Major Lucas. He listened to the evidence was accepted. Especially in response to the doubt upon the credibility of the police officers. Phil, Greg and Jerry were proven innocent yet they were severely punished. They spent close on a month in prison and the cost of all fares for witnesses and themselves, plus legal fares, amounted to almost one thousand dollars each. Some adventures. However they did learn something important and they'd like to pass on this message to any dopemokers contemplating a stay in Brisbane. Be wary - Beer's here and dope's illegal!

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